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} FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I.	Public Sentiment in America.	By James Davenport Whelpley.	
			FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 771
II.	Dramatists of To-day.	V. J. M. Synge.	VI. St. John Hankin.
	By Edward Storer.		BRITISH REVIEW 777
III.	The Promise of Arden.	Chapters XIX. and XX.	
	By Eric Parker.	(To be continued.)	784
IV.	Sweet Auburn and Suburbia.	By Sir James Yozall, M.P.	
			CORNHILL MAGAZINE 792
V.	The Vicissitudes of the English Novel.	By T. H. S. Escott.	
			LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW 796
VI.	The Tiler's Stack.	Chapter III. By C. Edwardes.	
	(To be concluded.)		CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL 807
VII.	The Future of the Women's Movement.		TIMES 812
VIII.	Mr. Balfour on Theism.		SPECTATOR 815
IX.	Sappho.	By Algernon Charles Swinburne.	SATURDAY REVIEW 817
X.	"When Ghost Meets Ghost."	By Ford Madox Hueffer.	OUTLOOK 818
XI.	Music and Cant.	By R. F. Smalley.	ACADEMY 822
A PAGE OF VERSE			
XII.	"The Gods are Dead"	By Edward Melbourne.	NATION 770
XIII.	The Ship's Kitten.		PUNCH 770
XIV.	After-Grass.	By James H. Cousins.	IRISH REVIEW 770
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		824



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"THE GODS ARE DEAD."

The golden hour of noon begins,
The sun, unchallenged, holds the sky,
And like a living sapphire spins
The arrow of the dragon-fly.

The chant and chatter of the brook,
The fairy organ of the bee,—
Pan could not find a fairer nook
In all the glens of Arcady.

Where are the gods of tree and stream,
The Hamadryads, milky-hued
Naiads, elusive as a dream
Who fled, and eager gods pursued?

Here, where the roses intertwine,
The Zephyr learned Aurora's wiles;
And echoes of the parle divine,
Went floating down the forest aisles.

The winds still wander in the trees,
The poplar aways his graceful head;
No laughter rings along the breeze—
The merry gods of Greece are dead.

Edmond Melbourne.

The Nation.

THE SHIP'S KITTEN.

It was a barque that dropped down
the river

For the Indies or the Isthmus, and
it rained a bit and blew;

She had a cargo of deals to deliver
And the Tower Bridge was 'lifted to
let her go through;

"Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "hoo-oo"
and "hoo-oo,"

"The Ark she got her anchor up when
early fell the dew";

But the little ship's kitten it started
to mew!

When they got to the Bay the cook's
bell tinkled,

Though the big seas they tumbled
and the big seas they rolled,

And through the rain squalls a lone
beam twinkled,

Flashing and wheeling at night-time
to behold.

"Ser-wosh," said the great seas so
black and so bold,

"The Ark made heavy weather we
have always heard it told";

And the little ship's kitten it let its
tea get cold!

But when they got to the calm Equator,
The sun was setting crimson, very
hot and heathenish.

And the stars turned over, and the
moon grew greater

Low on the yard-arm like a big gold
dish;

"Swish," sighed the little seas, "ser-
wish" and "ser-wish,"

"The Lord He sent an olive-branch
to them that did languish";

And the little ship's kitten it caught
a flying-fish.

And when they got back from the
Indies or the Isthmus,

The Isthmus or the Indies, which-
ever they'd been at,

They'd not seen the Thames since
t'other side of Christmas,

And the Tower Bridge rose end-ways
that lay down so flat;

"Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "how's
that?" and "how's that?"

"We've sailed the Flood a twelve-
month and we're fain for Ara-
rat,"

And the little ship's kitten had
grown to a cat!

Punch.

AFTER-GRASS.

Bright hopes that April set a-wing
Drop down to August's rich content,
And change the zest and toil of
Spring,

To quiet of accomplishment.

Life's wave seems spent. A leaf
drops dead;

Yet here, where hints of Autumn
pass,

The Mother's living hand has spread
The fresh, new green of after-grass!

Come forth, beloved! and share with
me

The Mother's miracle of cheer.

Our dead and buried Spring let be:

Lo! life can blossom all the year.

A smile can start eternal Spring

Although our summer fade and pass,

And Love to loving hearts can bring

The greenness of the after-grass!

James H. Cousins.

The Irish Review.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN AMERICA.

About a year ago an Englishman heavily interested in Anglo-American industrial affairs was congratulated upon the very good relations which then existed between the English and American peoples. In reply he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes, they are very good now, but how long will they remain so? We are always the same, but American public sentiment changes so easily and so often." There was some truth and a great deal of misunderstanding in this reply. The fact that a certain amount of irritation at England has shown itself recently in the American Press would apparently confirm the opinion instanced, whereas it is in reality the best of testimony to the effect that the relations of the two peoples are based upon a much more stable friendship than ever before. The proof of this lies in the fact that, whereas a few years ago the present situation would have produced a serious outbreak of anti-British sentiment in America, it has really resulted only in a surface irritation.

Setting aside all questions of the right or wrong understanding or misconception of conditions which may exist, or in regard to which people may differ according to point of view, one need not go back in history beyond the memory of the present generation to realize the real difference which has come about in the relations of the English and American peoples. The first serious outburst of anti-British sentiment in America was in 1776, and the second in 1812, each of these being followed by wars in which the United States were successful. Naturally, for many years following these historical episodes England and the English represented to Americans the enemies of

their most cherished institutions. The attitude of England in the Mexican war of the 'forties did nothing to mitigate this impression. When the American nation was torn asunder by the greatest civil war in history, a large section of the English people openly and in a most practical and helpful manner sympathized with the South and its struggle to maintain the institution of slavery. The motives of the English on that memorable occasion could hardly be described as altruistic from any point of view, for the needs of the English cotton-mill were more potent than any home demand for strict neutrality.

The antagonism brought about by this crisis subsided to a large degree, on the surface at least, and was not notably aroused again until President Cleveland's Venezuelan message resulted in the secret reinforcement of all British coast defences, and a general though quiet, preparation for eventualities. This crisis was fortunately passed without actual conflict, and again the natural influences always at work to bring the two peoples together upon an intimate and friendly basis resumed their good work. Events in Manila Harbor did much to advance the era of good feeling, for the American people, while quick to take offence, are equally quick in their appreciation of sympathy and support. For ten years or more following the battle of Manila the entente made strong headway. Then came the question of tolls through the Panama Canal, in which there was fruitful source for trouble in view of existing treaties.

Cleverly disguised under almost unrecognizable forms, an organization in the United States favoring ship subsidies here found an opportunity to make

some headway. Assisted by some influences entirely frank and sincere, an attempt was made to secure certain discrimination in favor of American shipping. This movement progressed far, so far indeed, that to reverse its action, Congress would have been compelled to repeal laws already enacted, or else admit that such laws were void if the discrimination referred to was to be done away with. It may be suggested *en passant* that it is extremely unfortunate, if objection was to be raised to the enforcement of a law held to be a violation of an existing treaty with England, that such objection was not raised by the party interested before the law was enacted, and in the earlier stages of the discussion, rather than after the machinery of government had finally committed the United States to a course inevitably productive of discord. This not being an analysis of the rights and wrongs of the situation, no discussion of the merits of the arguments on either side is called for here. Those familiar with the ease with which committees and Members of Congress are reached in Washington for purposes of discussion, and the simplicity of the approach to the Secretary of State and even to the President of the United States, are aware that many ill-considered plans, which would otherwise have been enacted into laws by Congress, have been nipped in the bud through the opportunities afforded by these very informalities of American official life. No Government in the world is more accessible, nor is there a legislative body in any large country which can be more easily kept to the straight and narrow path, provided that the co-operation of the Executive be obtained.

The controversy which followed the protest of England against canal toll discrimination brought forth a varied

crop of opinions. For the first time in history, however, there was a serious division as to the merits of an English contention. A large number of the most influential American journals and periodicals supported the English claim, and many public men expressed themselves as believing that the United States was in the wrong. In itself, therefore, the protest against a preferential toll in favor of American vessels passing through the Panama Canal did not seriously disturb the increasingly friendly attitude of the American people toward the people of England. Shortly following this episode, and, indeed, before it was finally disposed of, came the trouble in Mexico. The United States Government took a certain stand in relation to Mexican affairs, and these Mexican affairs are very vital to America; so vital in fact, that the possibility of a great and costly war is involved, a war in which no outside assistance would be wanted or asked, the entire burden falling on the American people. No question of an allied army was involved.

From the beginning of the Mexican trouble the attitude of England was most unsympathetic towards the American position. British officials gave utterance to unfortunately irritating remarks, official denials of which did little to counteract the effect. It was so late in the day when the British Government realized its error, if not in fact at least in diplomacy, and modified its policy in favor of the position taken by the United States Government, that American public opinion was already aroused to a point of appreciable exasperation. The American people were nervous, and still are nervous, over the Mexican situation, and therefore inclined to be ultra-sensitive towards anything which looks like outside encouragement to an unfriendly

element courting events which would plunge the nation into an unnecessary war costing millions of money, thousands of lives, and the creation of an army of at least a quarter of a million of men. Americans felt, rightly or wrongly as the case may be, but naturally, at all events, that as they would be expected to handle the Mexican trouble themselves and at their own cost, no matter how seriously it might turn out, the least any foreign Power could do was to keep hands off, especially England, with whose people America had, after a hundred and more years of intermittent trouble, arrived at a friendly understanding which promised to become permanent. Unfortunately the story is not yet complete.

Closely following upon the Panama controversy and the Mexican crisis, England was invited to participate in the San Francisco Exposition. The American people are very proud of this approaching event. Everything possible is being done to make it the greatest show of its kind the world has ever seen. It possesses a peculiar significance as well, for it is the first great national recognition of the magnitude of Pacific Coast interests; it celebrates the completion of the Panama Canal and the beginning of a new epoch in the transportation interests of the world. It was felt also that, as English money has been particularly concerned with Pacific Coast ventures for many years past, and the English mercantile marine would benefit more than that of any other country, English interest would be particularly keen over this coming event. It was also recognized that a new tariff law had come into effect, lowering to a marked degree the heretofore almost prohibitive barriers to British trade in America, and that there was every reason why it would be of practical as well as theoretical benefit for English

manufacturers to make an impressive exhibit at San Francisco in 1915. The British Government, notwithstanding a strong movement on the part of British merchants to the contrary, saw fit to decline the invitation to be represented at the San Francisco Fair, and as the elimination of British competition makes it less necessary for other foreign countries to participate, the British example had a depressing effect upon Europe generally in relation to the Exposition. This action on the part of the British Government has unfortunately accentuated the impression now to be found in America that the whole attitude towards American affairs and American ambition is not so distinctly and sympathetically friendly as it has seemed to be for the past few years, and that for some reason or other a change has come about. The plea that there have been too many expositions, or that the expense is too great, is not convincing to the American people, for the British Government maintains a permanent Exhibition Bureau, and has heretofore not failed to be represented on every occasion of this kind, in no matter what part of the world, and even those most charitably inclined are free to say that if a beginning was to be made in the limitation of foreign exhibitions, to begin with the San Francisco Fair was a serious error of judgment and diplomacy. Americans are quick to notice also that their criticism of the English Government in this matter is no stronger than that expressed in England, not only in private, but by public speakers, and in the English Press, which has almost unanimously supported the American suggestion for a British exhibit. The statement or intimation that an agreement was made with Germany, whereby neither country would make an exhibit except by mutual consent, does not relieve the situation, for in Amer-

ica. England being the largest trader with that country, and destined to receive far more benefit from the Panama Canal than Germany, it is naturally believed that the initiative rested originally with England, and that it would only require a change of heart on her part to bring about the participation of both England and Germany in the Exposition. It is only natural to suppose also that other European countries now holding back would quickly follow any example set by England and Germany. Whatever may be the actual facts, and however fair and innocuous the reasons may be for the offstanding attitude of England in this matter, it is natural enough in the circumstances that America as a nation should feel not only that England is making a mistake so far as her own interests are concerned, but hurt and possibly somewhat resentful at England's apparent lack of good-fellowship, and inclined to attribute more or less unworthy motives to her action.

The net result of these unfortunate complications of the past two years has been to cause a revival of the anti-British feeling which, for so many years in the past, found constant expression in America. It has been easy to trace the origin of this feeling of antagonism which existed for nearly a century. The very fact that it was first felt by exiles or emigrants from their British homes insured a continuation of the sentiment in their descendants until at least Time, with its changing conditions, had readjusted the relations of the two peoples. In the years gone by, another factor played an important part in American public sentiment, and that was the activity of the American Irish. The Home Rule movement has been supported from America from its inception. America has been the refuge of those who left Ireland either for their

own or their country's good. Less than twenty-five years ago it was "good politics" in the United States to cater to the "Irish vote," and many a cartoon, newspaper article, and platform fulmination against England was either contrived by an Irishman or by someone endeavoring to please the Irish-American.

One of the greatest forces for peace and understanding between England and America has been the work of the "melting-pot." No longer are American politics and policies designed to please any particular nationality. Each and every one of the alien influences, including the Irish, has been swamped or submerged in the great ocean of a newly-created nationality. We no longer hear of the Irish-American or the German-American, any more than we hear of a Franco-American or an Italian-American political faction of any real size or influence. With the decline of Irish importance in American politics has disappeared a certain element of vivid personal animosity toward England which was in evidence in every political campaign.

It was not so many years ago that most things English were the butt of the humorist of the press, the music-hall entertainment, and the stage characterization. Some of these burlesques were good-natured and amusing, such as those of the late lamented Dan Daly, who added so much to the gaiety of nations; while others had a nasty sting which generated malice on both sides. These characterizations are still current, but the English stage now squares its account with the stage of America, and probably "honors are easy" between the two. Between 300,000 and 400,000 Americans come yearly to Europe in the course of the year's travel. A large number of these come every year, but no boat crossing the Atlantic is without its quota of American pilgrims making

their first visit to Europe. A much larger number of English people are visiting the United States each year, and the business of the two countries is becoming more and more international. These things have led to better acquaintance, but there is one important fact which has been learned by American visitors to England and conveyed to those who have stayed at home, which has not yet been fully grasped either by British visitors to America or English people who have never visited America, and that is that the two peoples are separate and distinct nationalities, with different mental habits and different points of view. The English are as they were. From the American melting-pot has come metal of a different alloy which has run into a mould not of English manufacture. No harm has come out of this difference in nationality, and when it is realized thoroughly, good will result, for Americans and English alike will not assume that they are the same people and act accordingly, generally to their mutual confusion, but will study each other more closely, with greater respect and interest, and thus arrive at a more intelligent basis of understanding.

The American character is the product of climate, soil, environment, circumstance, and race. With the exception of race, all these influences are different in themselves and in their combination from those found elsewhere. Hence the difference in product. American characteristics are energy, directness, shrewdness, lack of subtlety, a more or less strong provincialism, and a strongly developed patriotism, which in this case is a belief in the American and his country almost to a point of fanaticism. The American is quickly aroused and quickly pacified, and he will, as a rule, meet his opponent more than half way

to patch up a quarrel, whether it originated with the other man or himself. He is sensitive to criticism or ridicule, though quick to criticize or ridicule others, but likes a man who is ready at repartee, even though it be of rather obvious nature. His provincialism takes the form of intolerance or what he calls lack of modern progress, and a gregariousness limited to those of his own nationality. His pride of country, in its most vivid phase, is often localized to the city or town in which he lives. He is at heart a born "boomer" and an optimist as to everything American. His provincialism in most of its phases is one of the greatest strengths of the nation of which he is a unit.

Throughout America there is to-day an underlying belief that there are ties between the English and American nations which bind them closer together than would be possible with any other. The bond of language is strong, for the American is not a linguist, and while he recognizes the fact that the Englishman is not in any real sense of the same nationality as himself, he feels certain things in common which constitute a strong and durable tie. It is the American and the Englishman who fraternize in a land alien to them both, and to each other they look for comradeship and understanding. Without being willing, perhaps, to acknowledge it, Americans as a nation would prefer the approval and understanding of the English people to that of any other; and, as in individual cases when a man wants a friendship, he is more sensitive to rebuff, and will perhaps be ruder to the friendship desired, through natural fear of seeming to ask for it, than he will to the casual acquaintance with whom no sentiment is connected.

There is one thing that the American nature resents more than anything in the world, and that is an attitude

of superiority, and especially one of patronage. This is a point which has done more to cause misunderstanding between the English and American peoples than anything else, not excepting wars. The Englishman at home and abroad, in his government and individuality, is prone to an air of patronage towards those things and those peoples not of his own. Carefully analyzed, this alleged patronage of the Englishman generally resolves itself into an ultra-conservatism, personal shyness of evidence of emotion or excitement, and a perhaps unwitting consciousness that the sun never sets on the British Empire, but, from whatever it may come, and however much it may be misinterpreted, it flicks the American on the raw, and he sees red. The English character is much better understood in America to-day than it ever has been, and Americans have so far progressed in national self-confidence and self-assurance that the English attitude is given much of its true meaning and significance, and such patronage as may be indulged in is met with more tolerance and even enjoyment at times, for the American is learning how to do a bit of it himself, as occasion presents, when he compares certain features of life in his own country with what he finds elsewhere.

In times of great national stress and controversy all peoples reach back into the fundamentals of their character. The polish comes off, lessons of politeness are forgotten, allowances are no longer made, and the American, easily offended and sensitive to criticism, resents what he may regard as an interference or as a questionable display of friendship. The American Press is quick to reflect the public mind and seize the advantage offered. As elsewhere, the most dignified as well as the most criminally sensational newspapers exploit the mood of the mo-

ment by giving the news in all possible fulness, and there are always innumerable men in and out of public life ready to grasp such opportunities to call attention to themselves and their opinions. As a result, the whole country is apparently aflame with some particular sensation. The only thing needed to put out the flame is the appearance of some other topic to take its place in the headlines. The late President McKinley wrote what he thought would be a Congressional message of peace at the time of the crisis between Spain and the United States. No one was more shocked or grieved than the author of that message when he found that the newspapers of the next day had turned it into what amounted to a declaration of war. Even with that, however, it is possible that the Spanish war would never have been fought had not the *Maine* been blown up. The Spanish Government had nothing to do with the catastrophe, but it came as a match to the powder-magazine of American public sentiment, persistently cultivated into warlike channels by certain irresponsible newspapers. The war lasted but a short time, and the day after peace was declared there was no more animosity in America toward Spain than if war had never been thought of. No such feud was created between the two peoples as exists to-day between so many nations of the world who have in the past come together in clash of arms.

There is a vast reserve fund of what is called "common sense" in the body politic of America. Radical in speech and conservative even to calculation in action has been the history of the country for generations, and it is the character of the nation as it has found itself to-day. A strong, true sense of proportion is necessary to a foreign understanding of American affairs, and this is impossible of attain-

ment unless the character of the people is understood and the forces at work upon public opinion duly measured, for America is a country ruled

The Fortnightly Review.

by the sentiments of the people more absolutely than any other nation in modern history.

James Davenport Whelpley.

DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.

V.—*J. M. Synge.*

The fact the Synge is dead is only an accident which should not prohibit his inclusion from the category of dramatists of to-day. His work is of to-day, and will surely be of to-morrow also, for it can hardly be doubted that of all the playwrights who have written for the English stage in the last twenty years Synge is the most important. There is a roundness, a universality about his work, in comparison with which the plays of his contemporaries seem mechanical and limited.

Synge was in the fortunate position of being a man who gave expression to his time without being affected by the illnesses which troubled it. His dramas are contemporary dramas, and at the same time so little harassed by the technicalities of the age which have pushed themselves into a braggart importance, that he must be as simple and comprehensible to his audiences of a hundred years hence as he is to those of to-day.

His early literary culture was French, and the irony, the clarity that is part of the beautiful tradition of Montaigne and Molière persists through all the work of the Irish dramatist. Synge, writing nearly always of peasants and of lowly men and women who cling to the soil, treating of crude and simple things in his plays, is never himself coarse, never brutal.

All is just and in keeping. We expect the loves of peasants to be rude and primitive, their language to be

strong and unclarified, each word of their limited vocabulary to be as full of meaning and natural force as the simple events of the village where they live. When this is so, peasant plays may be as fine and gracious as the symbolic ecstasies of classical tragedy, just as a laborer roughly clad and with muddy feet tramping through a wood is as good a sight as an elegant in a drawing-room.

Synge has this precious gift for the artist—a sense of proportion. In one play only and that his most celebrated, can there be any question of his breaking faith with the convention of art in which he has chosen to work. It might be reasoned with some justification that the "Playboy of the Western World" has in it so large an element of the purely fantastic that it spoils the illusion of reality of the peasant world, which is the background for the central act of the drama. The question of course has been argued before from many points of view. Over-sensitive Irish people have seen an intentional affront to the modesty and common sense of their women folk in the behavior of Pegeen and the other girls who make a hero of the man who murdered his father. Other critics have adduced the statistics of emigration and the fact that the countryside which is treated of in the play is almost denuded of men-folk. These people find in the "Playboy" both an æsthetic justification of the drama and a sociological pamphlet by J. M. Synge.

The idea of a man who says he has

murdered his father being made a hero on the strength of it, and then, when the truth is discovered, being laughed away in scorn, is obviously a highly fantastic and imaginative one which, one might suppose, would be best treated either in a romantic or purely farcical fashion.

Synge of course treats it in a realistic fashion, coloring his realism with a rich and passionate language, and leaving everything else natural except the central notion, which stands up like some strange, huge maypole round which all the figures of the play dance. The action which goes on around the central idea has the effect of making the men and women of the play a little unreal, a little untrue. Their movements, thoughts, and instincts are mechanized somewhat by their being attached to so strange and whimsical a fancy, amusing enough in itself, to be sure, but casting its shadow of unreality over the whole play.

Yet, what a delight the "Playboy" is in an intellectual theatre so devoid of beauty as our own, where we have little more than dramatization of the debates of the Fabian society or police court news turned into stage plays. Among all modern English dramas there seems to be only Masefield's "Nan" which has any joy or beauty in it.

"On the stage one must have reality, and one must have joy, that is why the intellectual modern drama has failed, and people have grown sick of the false joy of musical comedy that has been given them in place of the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild reality."

Thus Synge himself, in his preface to the "Playboy," and, true to his *æsthetic*, he gives us both reality and joy. There are passages of this play where life is pictured with that quiet fulness and strength which give

a kind of bloom to reality, so that not only is a scene represented before us with photographic accuracy, but we are made one with it: criticism temporarily hushed upon our lips by its grace and charm.

Rich in wit and shrewd sagacity is the talk of these ignorant yet wise peasants, who, poor and lacking all the glitter of our civilization, show us the selves we run from and deny and mock at a hundred times a day.

Whether they are making love or breaking one another's heads, they are real and vigorous; in what other English play can one find such a love scene as that between Pegeen and Christy Mahon in the third act of the "Playboy"?

"The Playboy" is Synge's best known play, but in "Deirdre of the Sorrows" he has given us a poetic drama where the voice of the ideal speaks, as it were, through the medium of a language not sufficiently clarified for the purpose. The conception of "Deirdre" is noble and classic, but it gives one at times an unpleasant sensation to find the pure rhythms of the piece broken with uncouth expressions, with phrases of dialect that bear unarguably upon them the stamp of words that have never risen above a certain level of intensity and truth.

Alone of all Synge's plays, perhaps, "Deirdre" attains to the heights of tragedy, and it can hardly be claimed that the peasant talk, flavored with a wild thyme poetry, in which it is written, is the language of tragedy. Some of the stage directions are positively shocking. Thus we read—"Naisi [*pulling himself together*]."

"Deirdre," the most beautiful, the finest of Synge's plays, seems somehow like a translation of some classical tragedy done into simple, naïve language for peasant folk.

No; when Synge came to the writ-

ing of tragedy, as he did in "Deirdre," his peasant language, which had served him well enough in purely peasant plays, such as "The Tinker's Wedding" or "The Well of the Saints," was too coarse and insensitive to take the fine thought with which he had to charge it. We may be certain that, had Synge lived, he would have found himself compelled to use a chaster and more aristocratic form of speech for his tragedies than the sweet but rather unreal, fantastic yet coarse language in which his plays are written. He said himself towards the end of his career that he was tired of writing peasant plays, and between "Deirdre" and the other of his dramas there is a great distance, bridged only by the similarity of language.

"Deirdre" is the most pagan of his plays, and it is interesting to speculate as to whether this was due to a desire on Synge's part to be faithful to the atmosphere of the age in which Deirdre and Conchubor and Naisi lived, or whether it was an expression of his own instincts. In his plays, such as "The Well of the Saints," or "Riders to the Sea," the Christian feeling is strong. The resignation of the old mother in the latter play when she hears the news that the last of her sons has been claimed by the devouring sea is one of the most truly Christian passages in modern British drama; the more so as behind her calm acceptance of her fate we feel a wild fury of grief her words may control but cannot hide.

"They're all gone," she says of her sons. "I'll have no call to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south. I'll have no call to be going down and getting holy water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening."

In "The Tinker's Wedding," too, we

feel that the gipsy folk, even though they treat the priest with contumely and fasten him up in a sack, believe tremendously in him. But in "Deirdre" we get the feeling of a pagan world where life is child-like and cruel, death a horror, and human love the greatest and finest thing above the aching grave.

Beautiful indeed are some of the speeches in "Deirdre," but even in the best of them we could wish the crudities, the falsities of the language refined away. Synge after all wrote in English, and it is as English literature that his plays must be judged. We cannot really talk of Irish literature in any absolute sense, since no country can have a unique literature which has not a unique language. Irish sentiment, Irish color, Irish feeling there are in this fine play of the tragedy of an Irish King, but it was Synge, the man with a knowledge of the culture of Europe, that made what is finest in it.

This is the closing speech of Deirdre when she is about to kill herself over the still open grave of her lover, Naisi. Alban is where they lived their seven years of happiness and love.

"Little moon! little moon of Alban; it's lonesome you'll be this night and to-morrow night and long nights after, and you pacing the woods beyond Glen Laol, looking every place for Deirdre and Naisi, the lovers who slept so sweetly with each other."

That is beautiful, to be sure, and one can match it with a score of such fine lines, but the "little moon, little moon," and the "lonesome" do impart to it a certain factitious melancholy, suggestive even of things so awful in this regard as coon-songs. The closing lines have nothing to mar them—"Deirdre is dead, and Naisi is dead, and if the oaks and the stars could die, it's a dark sky and a hard and

naked earth we'd have this night in Essaim."

Plunging thus boldly into the vortex of the language of his day and bringing out his words in palpitating handfuls, Synge rendered a great service to the English poetic drama of the future by his very courage in not stopping to think. He made definitely, and in his generation, at any rate, artistically impossible, those post-Elizabethan poetic dramas of which scores are published every year for one or two to flutter into some kind of halting fame. He showed, for instance, to those who have interest enough in the matter to perceive it, how the English language tends yearly to become more enclitic. He showed that combinations such as "we'd" instead of "we would," "you'll" for "you will," and so on are not only possible but probably also inevitable in the highest forms of literary expression in the near future.

It is a curious paradox that by using a definitely non-literary language Synge proved in the last resort the necessity for a literary language in order that his thoughts might find their clearest expression, and, as I have said, he made the post-Elizabethan kind of drama with its absurd anachronisms more ridiculous than ever.

In the space of a short critique one can do little more than glance at the work of a man like Synge. Each of his plays is rich in material for criticism and analysis, for his plays came out of life in a way that few dramas of our time have done. I have not left myself space to say much of "The Well of the Saints," that curious mixture of symbolism and realism, with its suggestion of Maeterlinck's influence, or the sombre "Riders to the Sea," or the grim humor of "The Shadow of the Glen." "The Well of the Saints" is really a subtle play of

words on the meaning of the expression "sight." There is an old blind beggar married to a blind woman whom the countryside has for a joke persuaded him into believing to be one of the most beautiful women in the land. A travelling saint comes their way and cures them with a few drops of a magical water he carries with him. When their sight is restored, the beggars are disgusted with one another; he when he finds the wife he thought beautiful a hideous crone; she when she perceives how poor a specimen of manhood it is with whom she is mated. They both lose their sight again in the course of time as the potency of the saint's cure evaporates, but when he passes their way again, after blindness has once more lulled them into some illusion of content in each other, they refuse to be cured a second time. This is really a modern mystery play, a definite allegory stretched upon a great spiritual truth.

Synge contrives the action of the little piece with great ease; the effects which he obtains by such simple things as the saint's cloak and bell are worthy of notice.

"Riders to the Sea" is the gloomiest, the grimmest of his pieces, but it is not on the plane of tragedy that "Deirdre" occupies. There is rather a superstition abroad that tragedy is a matter of death, and that the more people are killed in a play the more tragic it is. It is rather the inevitableness with which things happen that constitutes tragedy, and the death of Maurya's sons does not strike one as inevitable and fateful in the same way that we know the loves of Deirdre and Naisi must end in bitterness and woe.

Synge's plays were inspired from life in a way he himself attributed to the unspoilt atmosphere of the Irish countryside, where, he said, "we have a popular imagination that is fiery

and magnificent and tender, so that those of us who wish to write start with a chance that is not given to writers in places where the spring-time of the local life has been forgotten and the harvest is a memory only, and the straw has been turned into bricks."

Be that the explanation or not, Synge wrote out of a richness and fullness by comparison with which all the other British plays of his time seem pedantic or forced.

VI.—*St. John Hankin.*

It is rather a cruel apposition which brings together in the framework of a review J. M. Synge and St. John Hankin, the one a writer of the richest and most vital pieces of our time; the other a witty, dexterous, but scanty follower of the English intellectual school. Yet Hankin would not have been otherwise than pleased at the circumstance, for we can see in his comedies, lacking in humanity and truth as they are, a passionate admiration for the real, the uncompromising thing. But Hankin, like most of the adepts of his school, lacked the courage of his convictions, or had rather just enough courage to mock at himself and his neighbors. Nearly all his comedies make fun of types or of characters that stand for ideas. He does not rise above the irritation of prejudice and draw out the humor, the irony that is common to all kinds of people. His plays are full of irate Generals from old numbers of *Punch*, such as General Bonsor in "The Charity that Began at Home," or the vulgar mother with a marriageable daughter, as in "The Cassilis Engagement." He girds at our conventions, social and moral, as Mr. Galsworthy does, but he does it with a lighter touch. Indeed, St. John Hankin has in his best moments the lightest touch of all of modern writers of comedy. He

can make fun of a subject such as the absurd lengths to which social philanthropists may go, without making you feel that the satire is heavier than the thing satirized. He can, as alas! some of our celebrated satirists cannot do, poke fun at a neighbor's folly or weakness without making a sermon out of it. His wit does not throw him off his balance as Shaw's wit often does. It is rarely a boom-erang to him. In "The Charity that Began at Home" he gives us a very pretty comedy that a touch of heavy-handedness would have ruined.

Lady Denison is a kind-hearted woman who is under the influence of a Mr. Hylton, a man who has founded the Church of Humanity, and preaches a creed of impossible and foolish altruism. He is a good creature, lovable and kindly, and he converts Lady Denison and her daughter Margery to his views, which are of an almost Brahminical benignity in social matters. As a result of his teaching, they fill their house with the most uncomfortable collection of bores, ne'er-do-wells, and social outcasts, for it is part of the Hylton theory that one does not invite people because one wants to have them, but because they would like to come. In the execution of this fantastic idea Lady Denison's house is turned into a sort of bear-garden, where notorious bores, acid old maids, and vagabond young men jostle each other into a state of irritation. The theory which inspires this amazing house-party is summed up in Hylton's saying:—

False hospitality is inviting people because you like them.

True hospitality is inviting them because they like to be asked.

The guests of course are not aware of this when they come, but matters are brought to a crisis through the young rascal Verreker—who has had to leave the army for embezzling mess

money—proposing marriage to Lady Denison's daughter. When a villain of a butler, engaged on Hyltonite principles, creates trouble in the servants' hall, the crisis is reached, the theory breaks down, and the guests learn through Verreker, who has discovered the secret, the real reason why they have been invited:—

Verreker. Lady Denison selects her visitors on philanthropic grounds—because they're disagreeable, or disreputable, or merely boring. It's a form of self-denial with her. That's why she asked you. That's why she asked me. That's why she asked all of us."

This makes a truly amusing scene, which St. John Hankin handles very deftly, skirting pathos and not crushing his picture with any heavy moral. Moreover, he humanizes his comedy by a final stroke which is very clever. He redresses the balance between all the parties by making Margery marry Hylton in the end and not Verreker. This is subtle and lively, for it allows common-sense and the hero Verreker to triumph so far, but in no facile, mechanical way. It is quite against the sentimental conditions of English stage-craft, and must appear to many folk as a piece of mere perversity on the dramatist's part, but it is really a stroke of wit and kindness, raising the play above the level of a tract into the sphere of genuine comedy.

In the course of the play there is a good deal of satire that is too obvious, a number of points that are too heavily underlined. Hankin might have chosen fresher figures for the guests at the house-party. It is hard to laugh either with or at the peppery old Indian soldier who has done duty in scores of comedies and farces this thirty years. There were so many newer absurdities to his hand.

In "The Return of the Prodigal" St. John Hankin is less dramatically indifferent to his characters. There is

more of the awful tract feeling which lies like a blight on the intellectual drama of England. Here he satirizes the cant which makes a fetish of industry and will not allow the charming but lazy man to take his position in the world as such. Yet even here his superior freedom from prejudices gives his play a distinction, a humanity, and breadth that are not to be found in the dogmatic intensities of the militant reformers. Eustace Jackson is a nice fellow but a regular ne'er-do-well. His father has made various efforts on his behalf, got him into various businesses, in which he has never stayed for long, and eventually sent him to Australia in the good, old-fashioned style with the proverbial thousand pounds. Eustace, who has no business ability whatsoever, or perhaps rather no inclination to use it—for his dramatic return is a clever business coup—wearies of working at odd jobs in odd times, makes his way back to London and his parents. He executes a clever dramatic faint on their doorstep, and is once again received. Learning how well his father's business has prospered, and that his parent is spending large sums in order to pave the way for a Parliamentary career, he determines to make no further attempt at work. He demands an allowance, and by clever scheming gets it. "I am a rotter," he tells his father in effect. "You say so yourselves. I am unfit to earn a living. I grant it. You grant it. Well, what is to be done? Either you must give me an allowance, or I must go to the Workhouse, and that will ruin your election chances."

The parent protests, but to all appeals on the subject of honor, pride, decency, and manfulness Eustace is politely deaf. His cynical attitude annoys his father, but, fearing a scandal if his son should go to the Union, he capitulates.

This too is a neat little comedy, not so amusing as "The Charity that Began at Home," but full of wit and vivacity. Here again some of the types, such as the country doctor, seem hardly worth making fun of. One wonders how a man of Mr. Hankin's delicacy of humorous perception could have troubled to set up such empty figures for the shafts of his satire.

"The Cassills Engagement," which is the third play in the volume described by the author as "Three Plays with Happy Endings," is the least successful of the trio. The action is slowed down to the pace of a novel—indeed, Hankin's talent was never essentially a dramatic one—and the end is a foregone conclusion. The atmosphere is very similar to that we find in "The Charity that Began at Home," and Lady Remenham is another Mrs. Eversleigh, who is in turn another Lady Faringford. This aristocratic type of lady persists in nearly all Hankin's comedies. She is a cynical, worldly-minded person, with a certain brutality of speech that she takes for high-born frankness. Her egoism is Nietzschean, her unconcern most disconcerting to all those bourgeois types whom she decimates with gladiatorial exultancy. She is indeed a representation of a national type, but a dangerously one-sided one. One feels that she needs only to meet some one with a little more impertinence than herself for the British aristocracy, as represented by her, to be annihilated in her person. When Margery in "The Charity that Began at Home" speaks like this we perceive how truly she is her mother's daughter:—

"Isn't it lucky Miss Triggs and Aunt Emily could all come down by the same train. The carriage will only have to go to the station once."

That shows the hypersensitive, touchy kind of folk they are, these titled

ladies of the Hankin comedies. They are always anxious to be the first to utter a cynicism, a brutality, a phrase of more or less veiled rudeness, since they seem to fear their friends so much.

"The Last of the De Mullins" is St. John Hankin's most serious play. Seriousness has its dangers for him, as it must inevitably have for all who do not instinctively recognize its comparative unimportance. Here his dramatic Pegasus is inclined to take the bit between its teeth. In those long speeches of Janet about illegitimacy and motherhood and the tragedy of the unloved there is a suspicion of rant, mingled of course with a great deal that is genuine and fine. Anger again it is here which goads the writer to these outbursts, that dreadful internal anger which makes British art so sterile in the main. For Janet, when she defends her position, when she asseverates the dignity of her motherhood, unsanctified as it is by marriage, is fighting in her own heart with something almost stronger than herself. She is speaking to Hester, who seems likely to have neither husband nor lover:—

"Time is running on with you, my dear. You're twenty-eight. Just the age I was when I met my lover. Yes, *my lover* (italics, mine). In a few years you will be too old for love, too old to have children. So soon it passeth away, and we are gone. You will be an old woman before your time unless you marry and have children."

"The Last of the De Mullins" has a certain similarity with another modern play, "Hindle Wakes." We are shown the same opposition between the old and the new conventions, the revolt of the younger generation from the laws which their elders seek to impose on them. Janet refuses to marry Monty Bulstead under circumstances not very different from those in which Fanny declines to be made "an

honest woman" of in the Lancashire drama. De Mullin is a country gentleman whose family have been in his part of England since the time of Stephen. He has the strictest ideas on the subject of caste and social liberty. Janet is the revolting daughter. She returns to the old house because her father is very ill. While staying there she meets her lover of seven years ago, who is the father of her son. It is a pretty scene in which they meet and Monty Bulstead sees his child for the first time, though one would have thought there was no necessity for St. John Hankin to indulge in this kind of thing:—

Monty. Our stile, Janet.

Janet. Our stile.

Monty. The stile where you and I first met.

Janet. Yes, I thought I must see it again—for the sake of old times.

Monty. And you've never married, Janet?

Janet. No.

Monty. Was it because . . . ?

Janet. Because?

Monty. Because you still care for me?

That savors a little too much of the Christmas card school of sentiment, but when the facts of Janet's story become known to the family and their

The British Review.

friends we get some passages of vigor and beauty.

St. John Hankin's early death was a real loss to the English theatre. He had qualities which are rare among his peers, notably a kind of dry and light wit that springs out of a generous and charitable understanding of humanity. Hankin had not quite conquered his diffidence, the fear he felt of his own prejudices and those of his contemporaries. His satire is often blunted with compromise. He found difficult, we know, the position of a writer of the kind of plays he felt it to be his work to produce. But he had won no little success in the short time he had been writing for the stage. All his plays were produced, I think. "The Return of the Prodigal," at the Court Theatre, on September 26, 1905; "The Charity that Began at Home," at the same theatre on October 26, 1906; "The Cassilis Engagement," before the Stage Society on February 10, 1907.

Besides the plays I have mentioned St. John Hankin wrote a duologue called "The Constant Lover," which has not much importance; and his unfinished posthumous play "Thompson" has been completed by his friend, Mr. George Calderon.

Eduard Storer.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the last Saturday in July, and I had received a request from Miss Lovejoy for an interview. She awaited me in the school-room. She went home as a rule, on a Friday; this week, it seemed, she had stayed a day longer to make an explanation.

"The words were in a sense forced from me," pleaded Miss Lovejoy.

"Does it matter much?" I asked.

"In this way," she explained. "What

I regret—what is regrettable—is that the statement which I made was not in every particular strictly accurate. Had I paused to reflect—had I been given time in which to frame a suitable answer—I might have been able to decline politely to do what I was requested to do, without having had recourse to—to what is so regrettable—in fact, to what is"—Miss Lovejoy braced herself for the effort—"to what was, in fact, an untruth."

"You might have been able to decline——?" I asked.

"I ought to explain," said Miss Lovejoy. "When dear Grace intimated to me—when I was told that you had finally decided that Murray and Allen should proceed to school in September, and that the summer vacation should commence at the end of this month, I felt that I should not be concluding their period of lessons with me in the proper way, and as it ought to be concluded, unless I held an examination of the two boys in the subjects which I have endeavored to teach them. I felt curious to see what would be the—*the Results*. I therefore set a series of examination papers, which we have been occupied during the earlier portion of the week in answering. And I had determined—or let me say that I had proposed to myself—that should the *Results* be sufficiently satisfactory, I would place them, in fact, before yourself. That I considered my duty," said Miss Lovejoy.

I said that the idea was most interesting.

"Had the *Results* been otherwise," continued Miss Lovejoy, "I had decided—that is, I had considered whether—in fact, I had not finally made up my mind as to what would be the best course. However, fortunately the *Results* are not unsatisfactory. They are, indeed, on the contrary, encouraging—perhaps with a few exceptions. It was the exceptions which—which prompted me to make the statement—or rather not to at once deny the statement made by another—to which I have referred," ended Miss Lovejoy with a sigh.

"Did the statement refer to the exceptions?"

"Not in so many words. It occurred in this way. It was upon the Wednesday, when dear Grace happened not to be in the school-room, as the nurse-maid was away for the day, and the

Rector and Mrs. Band chanced to call, with reference I believe to the school treat. The Rector, on hearing that Murray and Allen were at work in the school-room, expressed—was kind enough to express interest in their studies, and, I understand at the suggestion of Mrs. Band, visited the school-room himself. I could not help feeling a little—a little anxious—the Rector being of course a notable classical scholar—lest in some way I had not foreseen I might fail to do justice to my pupils. Perhaps I was not sufficiently—perhaps I for a moment lost my self-possession. The Rector, or rather Mrs. Band, made a suggestion I had not expected, and it was then that what is so regrettable—that, in fact, a statement was made which, in short, was not the truth."

"Mrs. Band made the statement?"

"Through a misconception—a misunderstanding. She, doubtless unintentionally, interrupted me as I was about to explain that—that—The idea of the boys undergoing a really important examination, I think, had not occurred to the Rector, and upon learning the facts of the case, he, or rather Mrs. Band, suggested, in fact I may say directed, that the exercise books containing the *Results* should be placed in a parcel, so that the Rector might take them away with him and peruse them at his leisure. And it was then that I, knowing that there were exceptions in Allen's otherwise painstaking work which I thought it would be hardly fair or just—from which in short, I feared that wrong conclusions might be drawn—it was then that I, desiring to shield, if I could, one who—it was, in fact, the last exercise he was likely to do for me," said Miss Lovejoy rather hurriedly, "and I made a statement which was not strictly—not strictly true."

"Capital!" I said.

"I stated that the books were to be reserved for yourself—'To be reserved for Mr. Markwick'—those were the exact words. It was because I had given so much anxious thought to the question of submitting the Results to you that I made this statement almost without realizing that I was doing so. The words were uppermost in my mind: They were, as I have said, in a sense forced from me. I did not, however, intend to convey the impression that you had actually given definite orders that they were to be reserved, but that, unfortunately, was the impression which Mrs. Band received. She did not reply to me, but turned to the Rector, and made the direct statement that you had given orders that the books were to be reserved for yourself, and were not to be handed over to him. It was that statement," ended Miss Lovejoy, "which I did not immediately deny—which, in fact, I did not deny at all."

"Good!"

"Mrs. Band spoke with considerable exasperation. It was that which induced me—which, I think, was the main factor in causing me for a moment to lose my self-possession, otherwise I should have no doubt decided that it was my duty to correct the false impression my words had conveyed. But I did not, as I have said, correct it, and I fear," sighed Miss Lovejoy, "that I must not disguise from myself the fact that I have been party to a regrettable—a regrettable circumstance. I fear," said Miss Lovejoy, shaking her head, "that I have acted an untruth."

"Not a bit of it," I said. "Mrs. Band herself invented a—a complete falsehood. That's the way to look at it."

Miss Lovejoy sighed. It was not her way of looking at it.

"The Rector himself," she said, "did not seem so—so much displeased as

Mrs. Band. In fact, he even said that it was natural that others besides himself should be interested in the work of the two boys. He seemed, indeed, even to approve the idea, for when I asked him if he would be so good as to elucidate a small difficulty which I had experienced in following the Course which, as I think I told you, he once prescribed for Murray's Latin lessons, he said that he thought that the Course might be regarded as practically finished, and that you, no doubt, would wish to indicate the lines on which future instruction should proceed. Mrs. Band, however, did not—did not agree with the Rector on this point."

"She didn't, didn't she?"

"She did not. In fact, she went so far as flatly to contradict the Rector—to tell him that he was mistaken. She even suggested—I think I may say insisted—that the Rector himself should set an examination paper in Latin for Murray, in order that the progress made since you first—that the progress made during the last few months might be tested."

"And did he set a paper?"

"He seemed at first unwilling to do so. But as Mrs. Band insisted upon the point, he asked me to hand him the Primer, in order that he might ask Murray a few questions from the portions which he himself had indicated for the Course. I could not refuse to do so, and, indeed, I did not feel nervous as to the Results if Murray were to be examined in that portion of the Course which he had already completed." Miss Lovejoy hesitated. "Unfortunately there was a slight mishap."

"Were the Results bad?"

"It was not so much that the Results were bad, or rather, partly unsatisfactory, as that—as that—in fact, there were no Results," explained Miss Lovejoy. "The Rector set an exam-

ination paper which—which included some unexpected questions the answers to which neither Murray nor I—which Murray was not able to supply from the Course and which I cannot at present—which I have not as yet been able to—which, in fact, I do not know."

"They were too advanced, I suppose."

"I suppose that must be so. Yet they did not appear to be more advanced than those to which Murray and I—to which Murray is accustomed. It was rather the form in which some of them were put which has hitherto puzzled us. I have wondered once or twice," said Miss Lovejoy, "whether this may possibly be due to the fact that the Rector set the questions without reference to the Primer—without, that is, realizing that so notable a classical scholar as he himself is would naturally find some difficulty in descending to the level of beginners."

"I thought you told me he asked you for the Primer."

"He did ask for it. Only, unfortunately, it—I—in fact, it was not in the room. I had taken it up to my room the night before, in order to make assurance doubly sure as to the correctness of dear Murray's Results, and I had omitted to bring it downstairs with me the next morning. I offered, of course, to fetch it at once, but Mrs. Band would not hear of it."

"Mrs. Band?"

"It was Mrs. Band who desired me not to fetch the Primer. She said that a classical scholar of the Rector's attainments had no need to refer to books of any kind whatever. She desired—she, in fact, directed Mr. Band to write out an examination paper upon the spot. The Rector did so, but, as I have said, I think that without the Primer to refer to, he found some difficulty in appreciating

our—the shortcomings, in fact of beginners. He was occupied for a considerable time in setting the paper—occupied for longer than I had thought probable—for longer, I think, indeed, than Mrs. Band had anticipated, for she more than once desired Murray and myself not to disturb the Rector's train of thought, although I cannot recall that we had in any way interrupted or disturbed him. Murray, at Mrs. Band's bidding, had placed a chair for the Rector at the table, and had furnished him with pens and pencils, but the Rector, I think—the Rector found the task a little ungenial."

"Perhaps he couldn't think of anything to write."

"At first," said Miss Lovejoy, "that, I think, was so. Mrs. Band, who stood behind the Rector's chair, desired a complete silence while the questions were composed. We were silent for some time before the Rector had decided to commence the composition, and I think, perhaps, that the silence in some way was—was distasteful to him. He did not seem completely at ease. His difficulty—he said so in reply to Mrs. Band—was to think of questions sufficiently simple in their scope. It was then that I proposed to Mrs. Band that Murray, instead of sitting in silence opposite him, should await his decision in another apartment. Mrs. Band assented to this, and I myself retired to the window-seat. Shortly afterwards—after a momentary reference to one of the volumes lying upon the table—the questions were composed."

"He got a look at one of the books, then?"

"He referred to one of them. I heard him explain to Mrs. Band that a reference was necessary, in order to make the questions simpler and more suitable. Unfortunately, however, I do not know to which volume reference

was made. My back—that is, I was facing the window at the time, and I did not look round. I only heard the book closed. It is unfortunate, for if I knew to which book the Rector made reference, I might be able to elucidate some of the questions which appear to touch upon portions of the *principia* which—with which I have not as yet been able to become familiar.”

“And this is the Rector’s examination paper?” I asked, picking up a sheet of foolscap.

“Those are the questions which he composed. You will see that Murray has been able, in his Results, to answer some of the questions. Others have not proved so simple. Others, in fact, he has not been able to understand. Those await the Rector’s elucidation.”

“I see. ‘Decline *parvus*’—that’s one of the questions he has answered. ‘Conjugate *montio*’ . . . give the derivation of *magnus* . . . give the ablative absolute of *domus* . . . state the imperative tense of *malo* . . .’ These await the Rector’s elucidation?”

“I fear so. We shall know in what particulars Murray has failed when the Results of the paper are sent up to the Rector with the Primers.”

“You intend to send some of these books to the Rector with Murray’s answers?”

“All of the books; all the Primers. The Rector specially desired it, in order that the elucidation might be as complete as possible.”

“I’m afraid that the elucidation won’t be as complete as the Rector expects,” I said. “Because I can’t allow the books to be sent up to the Rectory. Not one of them.”

Miss Lovejoy gazed at me.

“You see,” I said, “I want them myself.”

Miss Lovejoy was taken aback.

“I want them, you see, in order to

enable me to go through Murray’s Results. It is more important for me, as the Rector admits, to see what Murray knows than it is for him. And my own case, you see, is different from the Rector’s. My Latin is rusty and shaky: it is not like his at all. I must refresh my memory by looking at the cribs—at the books, that is.”

Miss Lovejoy regarded me doubtfully.

“The Rector, on the other hand, being as Mrs. Band says he is, a notable classical scholar, can afford to do without books. He’ll get along splendidly. He’ll elucidate all those questions in no time. So we’ll settle that: I’ll take all the books, and the Rector shall have the answers to his questions in a separate envelope by post. Or did you intend to take them by hand?”

Miss Lovejoy hesitated.

“I had intended to have taken Murray’s Results and the Primers up to the Rectory myself this morning, before leaving for home. But to take the Results only, without the Primers, would be, I fear—would be a little—a little—I should be a little nervous in facing such a situation. I should be alone; I should not have Peggy—I should not have dear Grace with me. With dear Grace it is different. Courage seems to come naturally to dear Grace. But I—I fear I am not very courageous,” said Miss Lovejoy.

“But of course,” I said, “we’ll send them by post. I’ll write the Rector a note.”

“I do not think I should mind—I do not think I should hesitate, if it were only the Rector,” said Miss Lovejoy.

I told Miss Lovejoy she was perfectly right; I did not think that I myself should mind, if it was only the Rector.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a day late in August. I had returned from a week in Scotland—

a week of heat and sunlight, of the scent of honey in a wind touched with the cold of the sea, a week of hard walking and easy sleep, of curlews calling over lonely hills, of the croon of the burn under my window at night—and here I was back again, with the sights and sounds of a grouse moor fresh in my mind, looking out over the level green of the oak woods and the pastures of the quiet south country.

Peggy stood with me, gazing at a strip of ground which ran between a hedge of sweetbriar and a belt of spruce, and which appeared to have lately been the subject of some remarkable experiments. I knew that this space had been set aside for the children's gardens, and that since his return from the school at Coombe Mering Allen had concerned himself much with affairs of plants and flowers. But these experiments were unlike the processes of ordinary gardening. The main object aimed at appeared to be depth of excavation. Immediately in front of us a narrow path between an edging of rough stones descended by a kind of stairway to a scooped-out cave. On each side were banks of sand; a high heap of sand was piled above the cave. To the right were a number of pieces of deal board, which seemed at one time to have formed a sort of little house; this evidently had collapsed under pressure. To the left, a garden-roller presented a discreditable appearance, half in and half out of a hole into which a short time before there must have been poured excessive quantities of water.

"But what has happened?" I asked.

"That's Allen. That's his new garden," said Peggy.

"His new garden? But he had a new garden when I was here last."

"I know. This is another one—a new pattern," said Peggy, smiling at it.

"But where are the flowers? He took your flowers—you gave him the plants out of your garden for the last one."

"Yes. He's put them back again."

Some unhappy phloxes and marigolds in Peggy's garden a few yards away showed signs of assiduous watering.

"It hasn't improved them much, Peggy."

"No, I know. But I don't mind."

I gazed at the new pattern of garden and took in its main features afresh. Then I laughed.

"Everybody seems to think about it like that," said Peggy.

"But who is everybody?"

"Well, Mrs. Band was looking at it yesterday, and she said——" Peggy became doubtful.

"I hope you told her it was all my fault."

"She said it was disgraceful to allow a child to waste his time in that way."

"And so I'm like Mrs. Band, am I?"

"You know I didn't mean that," said Peggy. "I just meant—I meant the way one thinks about children."

"But what does everybody think, then?"

"I meant when one looks at a thing like Allen's garden. Well, I mean—I can't explain very well—only when people see a lot of fir cones lying on the ground bitten to pieces, or a litter of nut-shells, and they know it's a squirrel has done it, or if they find a heap of snail-shells where a thrush has broken them on a stone—well, they don't mind that. They just say how pretty, if it's a bird or an animal."

It was I who had shown her the litter made by the squirrel.

"Well?" said I.

"Well, I think where you can see little children have been playing is just as sweet," said Peggy.

She stooped and picked up a marigold which had been omitted from the process of transplanting. From a distance, carrying a large spade, the designer of the new pattern of garden came up a path towards us. When he was some thirty yards away he stopped, looked dubiously at me and turned aside, glancing round once and then regarding his spade with deep attention.

"Do call to him. He's wondering what you're going to say to him. Because Mrs. Band scolded him, you know," Peggy told me.

"Hullo, Allen!" I called. "Come and tell me about your new garden."

Allen looked round quickly and after a moment came up the path to us, observing me with very earnest eyes. He had serious doubts.

"It isn't my new garden," he said when he came to it.

"Isn't it? Then what——"

"Not my newest, at least, it isn't. Not my very newest. Because—well, I haven't begun my newest garden yet, not properly. I made this one yesterday, except the rock part. That's been made a long time—three days I should think."

"And when are you going to plant it?"

"It is planted," said Allen.

"Oh," said I. "Seeds, I suppose."

"No," said Allen. "Plants."

"But——"

"Which parts did you put the plants in?" asked Peggy.

"I don't remember," said Allen. "You can't see now, of course."

"Dear me! Did you—did you put them in very far?" I asked.

"Of course I did. That's why you can't see them. Would you like to see one? Would you like to see them doing it?"

I said I should like to see them doing it. Allen looked rapidly over the heaps of sand, thrust in his spade

and brought out nothing, but laid bare a gap in the heap from which protruded some lengthy yellow roots. These, unlike other roots, pointed directly to the sky.

"There!" he seized the roots, and pulled out after them the muddy and bedraggled leaves for a seedling primrose. He searched among the leaves, apparently, for a bud. "It doesn't seem to be changing very quickly," he said. "At least, I think that one's pinker than it was."

"But what is it changing to? Is it dead?"

"Of course it isn't dead. How could it be dead? Why, it's only just been planted."

"But," I suggested, "you've—haven't you planted it a little—rather upside down?"

"Of course I've planted it upside down. It's—all of them are straight upside down. That's how Jane showed me. Of course that's how they are."

"Does Jane plant everything upside down?"

"No. Only primroses. Of course only primroses."

"Not geraniums?" I suggested vaguely.

"Geraniums? But geraniums are pink already. Oh dear," said Allen, glancing at me and taking Peggy's hand. "Why is he looking like that? Isn't it right? Won't it make them pink—the primroses, I mean? Jane said it would."

Peggy straightened out the crumpled leaves.

"Do you like pink primroses very much, Allen?" she asked. "I'll get you some."

"Will you really? Thank you very much." A new thought seemed to strike him. "But, of course——" he began.

"Well?"

"Of course, I shan't want them for

this garden. Not for the one I'm making now—not for my newest garden. I shall hardly want any prim-roses for that at all."

"Won't you?"

"No. Because—well, there won't be any flowers in it, you see. Not any. And it won't even matter these prim-roses not coming up—it will even be better if they don't come up," he went on with emphasis, as the vision of the newest garden grew before his eyes. "It will be much better. I think I'll even take them up. Yes, I will."

He extracted another unhappy seedling, which he handed to Peggy; then another.

"What is going to be in the newest garden?" I asked.

"Grass," said Allen, digging with vigor. "Just grass and holes. A lot of grass and oh, ever so many holes. You see, that's what made me think of it," he observed, pointing with his spade at the end of his excavation. "You see, I'd got one hole, and I thought if I had another, and then another, and then—well, a lot more, you see, and plenty of grass, then, I thought—"

"Why, it would be something like a rabbit warren," I suggested.

"That's just exactly what it would be like," cried Allen. "How ever did you know? Like the rabbit warren in the field over there. That's what made me think about it. That's how I thought of my newest garden." He handed another most miserable seedling to Peggy, and contemplated his work with seriousness. "Do you know, I think—" he began, and evidently made up his mind. "Yes, I think I had better. Certainly I had better. I will."

"What are you going to do now?"

Allen emerged from his excavation, picked up his spade, and stood gazing with a determined air first in one direction and then in another. He ap-

peared to be deciding between the merits of this and that course of action. Then he shouldered his spade.

"Are you going to dig somewhere else?" I asked.

"I'm going to get the rabbits, of course," he said.

"But how are you going to get them?"

"Well, I should think anyone could tell that," said Allen. "I shouldn't think it would be hard to get just a few rabbits. I'm going to dig for them, of course."

I had intended to receive with composure any information as to methods of obtaining rabbits, but this was unexpected. Allen glanced up at me, and flushed. Then his spade came down from his shoulder. He thrust it into the loose soil and stood grasping it firmly with both hands.

"I wish you wouldn't be always laughing at me," he said with great dignity.

"I'm very sorry. I wasn't laughing at you, only—"

"You did laugh at me." The spade was withdrawn and vigorously thrust in again.

"I didn't mean to laugh. Only I was thinking—I mean I thought if you were going to dig in the warren—well, you see, the warren's very big, and there are a great many holes, and rabbits run so fast, and—and—"

The spade was thrust in once more, rather less vigorously.

"It isn't so very big. And there aren't so very many holes. And they wouldn't run so very—well, I could easily catch them, even if they did. Certainly I could."

"Is it the warren just inside the gate?" I asked. I knew the size of it; Roderick Grey's keeper had told me his plans for stopping out the rabbits.

"It isn't so very big. And it isn't as if I should want a great many rabbits.

Only a few, I should want, not a great many."

The idea that he would want not many, but few, rabbits appeared to be inspiring. He picked up his spade, shouldered it in a determined manner, and set off down the path which led, as I knew, to the warren. It was a long bank riddled with burrows, partly in the wood and partly in the field. He would come in sight of it, I knew, as he turned the corner a few yards away.

He strode down the path, checked very slightly at the corner, and went on again, not quite so fast. A few paces further on he was walking slowly. Then he stopped. The spade came down from his shoulder. He rested on its handle and the length of the riddled bank was spread before him. The length, I thought, became longer, the holes multiplied, the rabbits ran faster and faster. The spade was leaned against a tree. At a decent distance from the abandoned

spade Allen contemplated the idea of a garden without rabbits.

"Oh, it is a shame," cried Peggy, and ran from me.

When she came near to Allen he glanced quickly round, and turned so as to keep his back to both of us. So he remained, with his back to her while she spoke to him. Presently he raised his head. Then he turned round, faced her and came close to her. He glanced from her eyes to her hands, which seemed to be suggesting shapes and sizes; then I saw him standing gazing up at her with his fists clenched and his eyes shining. The world had filled with hope again.

They came running up the path to me, Allen seized my hand, and Peggy shook back her brown hair.

"Peggy's told me how to make a new garden, a new garden. My newest of all, it will be. It's—it's—oh, will you help me fill in this hole?"

We set to work with a will.

Eric Parker.

(To be continued.)

SWEET AUBURN AND SUBURBIA.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

Yesterday my friend Lanyon's car ran us a tour, out from Vallombrosa Gardens, N.W. and home again; at a guess, we threaded thirty villages where aged cottages knelt under their thatch, decaying; for a certainty, we skirted four considerable towns where scaffold-poles bristled above rows of half-built brick boxes—new, mean little suburbs for the ante-penultimate poor.

Sweet Auburn bleeds, and the human blood of it trickles away to suffuse these new little suburbs, or to putrefy in the sinks and drains called slums. And not Sweet Auburn's only; St. Denis d'Orgues and Klein-Mudbach

are bleeding too. Vallombrosa Gardens and all such middle-class suburbs are an English phenomenon mainly, for nowhere abroad does one see such rings and parallelograms of well-to-do villadom; but the cottage selvages develop everywhere, subjacent to every considerable European town.

Or so Lanyon was saying, in the coffee-room of the *Swan* at N—, when an elderly, bullish-looking man, who had been cutting himself cold beef, cut into our conversation. "It's all this fuss about education does it!" he growled, Agricola with his mouth full. "I always said it would!" After that he sat silent, bovinely munching.

chewing the cud of prophecy, so to speak; with such an expression of face as your candid friend has when by great good luck he sees a warning of his come true.

So that is why Sweet Auburn bleeds? But is it, I wonder? At ten o'clock this morning the gravel path under the kitchen window here was black with sparrows, or at any rate black and tan. Because there were crumbs about, and excitement, and rough fun. The house-sparrow is the most cit-like of birds, the *gamin* of the street, the most quick, decisive, and neatly rapacious; yet I suppose his ancestors used to sit on hedges, and twitter like Corydon in green lanes? I knew the Hedgesparrows well when I was a boy—the father's unmistakable architectural style in nest-building, and the mother's pretty choice in colors for eggs. But I never heard that the boys and girls of the family were sent to school.

The drift to the towns is not a human tendency only. Town-mice have a pedigree as old as fables. The black-headed gull never went to school, the herring-gull is not a learned bird like the owl, and yet they come up estuaries, and finding that people posted upon solid, ugly rainbows called bridges throw them food which is a change from that eternal fish-diet, they settle down for life upon the suburban Thames. A pair of quails have built a villa in Richmond Park. A peregrine falcon has perched on Nelson's Column. Herons flap through the sky over Kew. Redshank and curlew have been heard in St. James' Park. "Do you suppose the animals at the Zoo are unhappy there?" I said to Lanyon. "Not they! They have come to town!"

"It's all this fuss about education does it!" The bullocky person devouring cold boiled flesh of his family had uttered the usual facile commonplace.

And the facile is almost always the superficial—I don't believe that any commonplace is ever more than half true, or remains even half true for long, for there is no such thing as "the simple truth": truth is always complex. The schools are the modern Black Death to peasantry, are they? The schools decant rustic youth into towns, distract them from the glebe, and unroof the cottages? "I don't believe it," I said to Lanyon. "'Abstulerat miseris tecta superbus ager'—where were the village schools in Martial's day?"

"The best jobbing-gardener anywhere near Vallombrosa Gardens cannot read, yet he quitted his village at twenty . . . If book-learning causes English joskins to migrate now, why did they migrate to towns when books were rarer than diamonds? If country schools are the root of the mischief, what did the mischief spring from when village schools there were none? Goldsmith could mourn the passing of 'a bold peasantry, their country's pride' in 1770, but so did Fanshawe in 1630, nearly three centuries ago, and Queen Elizabeth grew red-hot-headed against churls who *would* desert the fields for Town."

At this point Lanyon put the brake on. "All very well, that, for a discussion in St. Swithin's Parish Hall," he said. "But the Agricolaes have to deal with the fact, the reality." I suppose they have, yet it is no use hankering after the Heptarchy, the wooden ploughshare, and the flail again; it is foolish to suppose that villages can ever exist with churches and public-houses only, and without schools again. The attraction lies in the town, not the impetus in the village; the whistling ploughboy never pipes so merrily as he does the day when he quits the red ridges for ever, I daresay. I think they make postmen out of ploughboys, for postmen

are the whistlers of the streets. A postman brought me a pamphlet this morning, pulled the bell smartly, and went piping away, never dreaming that he had done anything pat and timely to my purpose; but what he brought was the bill of fare for the Eleventh International Congress in Agriculture, and I find that for the eleventh time squires and farmers assembled from all parts of Europe are to sit down to that standing dish "*Désertion des Campagnes.*"

For the drift to the towns goes on in every land. It cannot be an effect of education, for it goes on in Andalusia, the Great Smoky Mountains of inland America, the Crimea, and other regions where, at the most, like children in a nursery, they only "play at school." The drift to towns is a gravitation, and many magnets pull. Not a woman in Vallombrosa Gardens but has paid the fare of some country lass to her kitchen; girls "from the country" will stay longer, it is thought, and accept a smaller annual number of pounds. And this is no flight of demi-semi-educated Hodges and Hodgesses only; it is an exodus of people whom the schools have hardly touched. Towns magnetize small pockets and big appetites. There are so many more public-houses to the acre in towns; towns offer such a variety of beer and skittles, cakes and ale. This kind of ginger shall be hot in the mouth of Giles no matter how little you school him. And to town he will go, though you lecture him on bee-keeping till you are stung.

Towns own so much more excitement than villages can afford. In streets the emptiest mind can stare and be content. Towns spread their shops and markets, their electroplated corner taverns and twopenny picture-palaces before the eye; towns are frisky with barrel-pianos and resonant with roarophones; street singers and

cornet-players with a taste for pathos touch sentimental hearts in towns. Punch and Judy dwell in towns; buskers haunt the by-streets and juvenile skirt-dancers the alleys of towns. In towns a man who is a big child, with two ideas and three hundred words in his head, may stare all day delightfully. He does not observe; he watches. Without even paying twopence he may perceive the laughable dramas and poignant farces played in by members of the great Society for Promoting the Slaking of Thirst as Often as You Want to, in towns; contemptuously he may note the officious antics of an interfering class of persons dressed in dark blue; appreciatively he may listen to the always sharp clarionettes of a German band or the "drums and tramlings" of the Salvation Army. Life can be one continuous pageant and malty beanfeast in towns if only you idle and stare. And everywhere you may hear the big laugh of the uneducated, who grin because they do not understand.

But come, let us envy these happy vacuums. We foolish, we who would live in a country house or country cottage if we could, let us covet the sheer joy in towns of emigrants tired of sitting on stiles. We need to plan how to occupy our minds, lest boredom claim us; or with strange-shaped implements of fruitless toil we go forth upon links, lawns, or pitches, the horny-handed sons of play. Why may we not stare into one shop-window for ten minutes—any shop-window will do for a man from Sweet Auburn or Klein-Mudbach, though the red butcher's or the silver-shining fishmonger's for choice. Why cannot we too feel more fascinated than unnerved by the sight of a dray-horse down upon the wet asphalt and bleeding, or humbly sprawling a broken leg? Why have not we also the tender,

romantic hearts that can beatingly watch outside a church in which a wedding is known to be going on? If only we too could follow a glorious, hiccoughy, singing fellow on his assisted passage to the police-station! Are there not tumultuous fire-engines to make room for and stare after in towns? May you not travel in a tram-car into parts utterly unknown to you for two-pence, or for a penny add your weight to a motor-omnibus that may squash some foot-passenger into pulp? Sandwichmen, too, those heralds of the show or the bargain, carry their interesting wooden tabards along the kindred gutter in towns. And is it schools, think you, or uncult human nature making use of cheap railway fares, which dispatches Sweet Auburn and St. Denis d'Orgues towards these multiple delights?

The other morning I watched a trainful of emigrants quit the sounding hall of locomotive engines which is dedicated to St. Pancras; they seemed a merry and hopeful folk. Theirs was the roving, adventurous turn which makes English people a race of white-skinned gypsies, dispatching Leicestershire lads to sea and Sussex boys to Alberta. Schools do not instil that voyaging courage, nor can they check it, even if they should. "And they should not," I said to Lanyon. "It is the drift from the narrow arable and pasture closes of Sweet Auburn which has made the British Empire so open and wide; and emigration from Britain to the towns of the Dominion, the Commonwealth, and the Union must continue if the Empire and the loyalty of successive generations oversea are to last. Which are the Canadians, Australians, and so forth best affected to Britain, think you? Those whose parents were British, I believe. It would be useless to conceal maps from our village children, for instinctively and of race they know how to use the

globe. They are fated migrants, some of them—born with the wish to rise and shine, make money or know fame. Lads who could never get a written sum right at Sweet Auburn school will away to cities money-making, if the Lombard strain be in their blood.

"And show me the school, or the contrary of school, that shall keep incipient genius, talent, or other degree of specific energy on the farms! Near a ford and a bridge, beside a slow, clean stream that I wot of, almost every mile, an old town still sleeps that was a snoring village three hundred and thirty three years ago. London was all but a week's journey away from it then, but two youths of one generation are known to have made the great adventure thither, with others from the same little place, no doubt, of whom the world has never heard. One of the two was Richard, son of 'Henry fiede of Stratford upon Aven'; he set out for Town in the year 1579, there to learn the still novel art and mystery of printing, for such was his indefeasible bent. Seven years later a younger ambitious must off to London also, there to besiege the doors of playhouses with a poem in his poke, the first heir of his invention, which for old sake's sake, very like, Richard Field was willing to print. What farmer or squire, what school or lack of school, could have kept Shakespeare 'on the land,' or should?"

I saw the stream of townward rustics blacken the highroads of the world as I spoke; but presently as we came near Chesham in the gloaming I had another vision. For high upon a red ploughed curve I saw an elderly Hodge stand lonely, outlined against the last primrose streak of light: he was so motionless and so roughly clad that I took him for a scarecrow at first. But no, he was human, and in him I

saw the last of his Mohican tribe. He stood gazing upon acres his fathers had tilled, and he; upon the village where his forbears had dwelt, and he;

The Cornhill Magazine.

and perhaps he was wondering, who is "to plough and to sow, to reap and mow," when he, like them, shall have gone?

THE VICISSITUDES OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

Three histories of the novel, all produced within a short time of each other, and a keen controversy as yet unfinished about the moral obligations to the public of novelists, and those who trade in their wares, give a special actuality and importance to the subject of this article. The popularity of the novel dates from the Stuart restoration period, whose close witnessed a growing reaction against the excesses and corruptions of the Royalist stage.

The old Puritans are conventionally supposed to have been as much the novelist's enemies as the new library committee. But in all his views of life, the father of English prose fiction, John Lyly, was Puritan to the backbone. He had first seen the light in the weald of Kent, some fifty years before the seventeenth century began, and previously to commencing novelist, had reached the middle point of an interesting, varied, and adventurous career. For, as will presently be seen, the writers of that time seldom took up the professional pen till they had gathered material for its exercise in world-wide travel, in the Court, in the camp, and in Parliament. Born about 1554, he went to Magdalen, Oxford, when of exactly the same age, fifteen, as that which two centuries after saw John Keble, of the *Christian Year*, an entrance scholar of

Corpus. At the age of twenty-one he had taken the M.A. degree, and within little more than a twelvemonth, after the fashion of a time for which one university seldom sufficed, went on to Cambridge.

There the local influence he had scraped up secured him a presentation to Queen Elizabeth when she visited the place to witness a dramatic performance in one of the college halls. Thrilled by the touch of the royal finger, he transported himself into an ecstasy of expectation of Court favor that would make his fortune, only to waste ten years in suffering shipwreck of his time, his wit, and his hopes. His disappointments began with a vain petition for the Mastership of the Revels, actually bestowed in 1579 on Edmund Tilney. Even so, Lyly could not for a long time resign himself to the loss, and almost counted the months when he might claim the reversion of the office.

Burghley bade him be of good heart, make literary capital out of his experience, and secured him some small appointment, bringing him in a competence. The statesman's favorable estimate of his protégé's abilities and future was justified not only by the college fame Lyly had brought with him from the Isis to the Cam, but by the definite and dazzling success he had already won with his pen. The Oxford degree of 1575 was followed in four years by one at Cambridge. Immediately after, he woke one morning to find himself famous as the earliest writer who, by enlarging

* "The English Novel." By Walter Raleigh. (John Murray.)

"Two Centuries of the English Novel." By Harold Williams. (Smith Elder & Co.)

"Jane Austen. English Men of Letters Series."

By F. Warre Cornish. (Macmillan.)

"The English Novel." By Professor Saintsbury. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

its horizon, modernizing or actualizing its personages and incidents, had successfully transformed the mediæval heroic romance into the modern novel. The first part of *Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit*, no sooner appeared than it achieved a social and fashionable, as well as literary triumph. Its epigrammatic felicities, the wisdom condensed into its pungent antithesis, and its verbally novel thrusts at the fashions, foibles, and follies of the time, made it equally the delight of the scholars and writers who flocked at Button's, or the fine gentlemen with the dandies at White's; not a club where its catchword failed to find an echo, or a tavern whose haunters wearied of mouthing its contagious conceits. Above and beyond this its graphic vigor made it a model of English prose; while the beauty of its sentiments acted as a spell on the brocaded belles who rustled through the drawing-rooms of great houses from Raby in the North to Wilton in Wiltshire, and westward to Mount Edgumbe and Port Elliot of the farthest West.

The second instalment of this sensationally fortunate work appeared by the title of *Euphues and His England* in 1580. At the age when most writers are struggling for their earliest recognition, Lyly found himself not only the idol of the polite world, but a figure at St. Stephen's.

Charles Dickens, when at his literary zenith, received the offer of a Parliamentary seat from Reading. Had the author of *Pickwick*, and of the immortal series that followed it, accepted the proposal, his entrance into the assembly could not have excited more interest than that which awaited Lyly's successive returns for Hindon in 1589, Aylesbury in 1593, Appleby in 1597, and again for Aylesbury in 1601. On his death in 1606, he had not only created a new literary school, that of

fiction makers, but had added new wealth and vigor to the language, as well as illustrated for all time the due proportion of satire to fancy in imaginative prose.

The only part of his story not entirely original is the name of its hero. Euphues had been employed by Roger Ascham to indicate an intelligent and generally impulsive youth, some two generations before its reappearance in the novelist's page. Lyly's Euphues, after graduating at the University of Athens, on his westward journey through the world meets at Naples a widely travelled veteran, Eubulus, full of ripe wisdom and practically useful counsel. The young scholar, keen on novelty and adventure, prefers the lively conversation and the inspiring company of Philautus, a friend of his own age, betrothed to Lucilla; with her, as the guest of Philautus, he sups, and of course falls in love, during a conversation on such dangerous topics as whether wit or beauty is the chief incitement to the tender passion, and whether when that is kindled the man or woman proves the more constant. Lucilla turns out a jade and a jilt. First she throws over her fiancé for his friend; then, after a preliminary flirtation, finally transfers to a certain Curio the affections she has withdrawn from Euphues, who now revisits the studious shades of the violet crown city. There he writes an essay on education, a circumstantial rebuke to religious sceptics, and "a cooling card for all fond lovers."

The story was continued in a second volume.

This lands the two temporarily estranged but now completely reconciled friends on British soil. In the author's native county, Kent, Euphues and Philautus strike up an acquaintance with Fidus, a shrewd old bee master with a turn for political criti-

cism, with as low an opinion of statesmanship as of love-making, and a mastery of startling ingenious phrases that would have delighted the courtiers of Elizabeth or James. The novel ends with the marriage of Philautus to a lady possessing Lucilla's attractions without her fickleness. Euphues, however, has seen too much of the sex for such an experiment, and wears out his days in a monastic retreat.

Here, it will be seen, is all the material, the exact combination of plot and character, and the necessary number of young people, not in the secret of their own minds, for a nineteenth- or twentieth-century story such as Trollope manufactured, and his cup-and-saucer disciples are still ready to turn out by the score. The attention now given to Lyly will not seem other than just when it is remembered that in addition to being the first who brought romance abreast with the latest interests of his time, he taught the public to expect English prose as sound and nervous in the novel as from the pulpit or the platform. Is there not something like a presage of Macaulay in this fragment from *Euphues*: "Naples is a place of more pleasure than profit, and of more profit than plety."

And amid all the jingling medley caricatured by Shakespeare in *Henry IV.* and by Scott in the *Monastery*, Lyly wrote in a spirit as earnest as Bunyan, as practical and as essentially English as Macaulay himself. But for their narrative form, his stories might be a succession of essays on moral subjects, love, marriage, the philosophy that, as Bacon puts it, was to the ancients in the place of theology, interspersed with vivid recollections of foreign travel. In his handling of all life's graver issues, the father of the English novel shows himself as deliberately didactic as, in the *Canterbury Tales*, the father of

English poetry is careless and cheerful.

And between the poetry and prose of this period, the novel, in the hands of Lyly and his disciples, formed a link. Poetry, indeed, then included *belles lettres* generally. It was therefore scarcely less comprehensive than the "music" of Plato's republic, which, used together with gymnastics, constituted the sum of mental and physical accomplishments. With all his topsy-turviness of phrase and verbal acrobatics, Lyly had genuine poetic feeling, a vein of sarcastic fancy, and as great a command of homely wisdom condensed into aphorisms as Mrs. Poyser herself. *Euphues* indeed, as will presently be seen, is less of a romance than a satire, and foreshadows far more of the temper of Thackeray than of Sir Walter Scott or Bulwer Lytton. As for its wealth of "wise saws" and "modern instances," take the following: "It is the eye of the master that fatteth the horse, and the love of the woman that maketh the man." "It is a blind goose that cometh to the fox's sermons." "The best charm for an aching tooth is to pull it out, and the best remedy for love, to wear it out."

The rush of twentieth-century life has left the novelist without time or inclination to condense his ideas and experiences into the terse sententiousness of Lyly.

That, however, was the working novelist's method and aim throughout the Victorian age. Hence another claim for Lyly on the attention of the latter-day reader, and the point, of his identification, as Sir Walter Raleigh reminds us, by M. Jusserand with *Sir Charles Grandison's* and *Daniel Deronda's* lineal predecessor.¹ Bunyan's pilgrims, in their passage through Vanity Fair, find much less business done in Italian Row, notwithstanding

¹ "The English Novel," second paragraph, p. 14.

its promotion of Roman merchandise, than in German Row, Spanish Row, or French Row, especially the latter, whose wares and ways were then in much demand with all English classes. Juvenal could not tolerate a Hellenized Rome. Equally severe were the Hebrew prophets upon the Egyptian and other heathen innovations that polluted the Holy City. So did Lyly, often in terms of Scriptural rhetoric, lament the degenerating influence of Gallic manners, morals, cookery, and costume, upon the fibre of English manhood, upon its brain power, and the moral force that ought to be its glory. It was the same with literature. The romances of *Alexander*, of *Charles the Great*, and of *Troy*, that stood first in mediæval favor, all came from foreigners. Meanwhile denunciations of outlandish and new-fangled modes were incessantly poured forth by other patriotic penmen of Lyly's or of an earlier period—Ascham, Howell, and Stubbes.² Lyly, however, was the first to employ prose fiction for what, since his day, has been considered its legitimate use, of exposing national foibles and follies, as well as holding up for particular ridicule the foreign costumes, airs, manners and oaths adopted by the hisping, affecting "fantastico," who could in no other way so easily prove that he had "swam in a gondola, and kissed the Pope's toe." As for the ladies of quality and fashion, a woman is the least part of herself, an apothecary's shop of sweet confections, a pedlar's pack of new fangles. And so forth, very much as if there were ringing in the writer's ear the ornaments, the tablets, the head bands, the ear rings, the wimples, and the crisping pins of Isaiah's third chapter. The courtier soon follows upon the prophet. In contrast to others of her sex, we are presented to

Eliza, that most sacred dame,
Whom none but saints and angels
ought to name.

Another characteristic is conspicuously shared by Lyly with those who worked in the same craft, and in the same vein at a much later date. From *Euphues* to *Tom Jones*, and from *Tom Jones* to *Pendennis*, something of the school or college classics of the time reflects itself on every page. Had Greek scholarship been more widely diffused through Lyly's environment, and had he read the *Dialogues of the Gods*, one may be certain he would have lit up his satire with some sparks from the Syro-Hellenic humorist who alone among classical authors appreciably influenced Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton at their best, as well as the school which these two men of genius created. The England of Shakespeare's day suffered from a lack of indoor amusements. Hence, to a great degree, the welcome given not only to *Euphues* but to another contemporary fiction far more remote in its subject matter from the daily thoughts and interests of the average Englishman, the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, produced ten years later, but with far less in it of the modern novel's method and thought than the earlier work. Both authors were Kentish men. Both reflected, though from different points of view, the adventurous spirit and the impulse towards geographical discovery characteristic of the Elizabethan epoch.

Here the resemblance between them ends. Lyly, notwithstanding his romantic disguises, was not less than the creator of the *Newcomes* the satirical realistic who drew from life. Fielding found in him, both for his plays and stories, some ideas for situations, and manifold turns of phrase. Richardson, a hundred and thirty years after Lyly, was the first to revive the acceptance of the novel in austere or strict households, and may

² "The Anatomy of Abuses," by Philip Stubbes, 1583.

thus be called its second father. Jane Austen, conventionally credited with continuing the line of Fielding, to whom she owed nothing, and had never even read, was under obligations not greater to Miss Burney than to Richardson, as her latest biographer has pointed out, for her tenderness, her humor, and her power to detect and reveal the secrets of humanity.¹ Incidentally, too, it may here be mentioned that Richardson's own affinities, as will presently be seen, connect him with the soldier idealist who died on the field of Zutphen. Here, too, it must be noticed that among others who adorned the early day of the novel, one, like them also educated at Oxford, Reginald Scot, came from the same region of hops and cobnuts as Lyly and Sidney. Scot's tastes were equally for physical and metaphysical speculation. When he gives his ideas, as in the *Discovery of Witchcraft*, narrative form, it is because he anticipated Jane Austen's view of the novel as the best medium for "presenting the varieties of human nature, with wit, humor, and in the best chosen language. As to Lyly, his chief, if not his only literary disciple, the East Anglian, Barnabe Rich, reproduced the master's subjects rather than his diction or conceits. Rich's *Wonderful Adventures of Simonides, a Spanish Gentleman*, carries the reader to as many places as he traversed or touched at in *Euphues*, as well as brings him through a greater number of hairbreadth escapes by land and water.

This was only one of several stories by the same author, all of them exposing some social mischief, or suggesting some philanthropic reform. Rich, indeed, had in him as much of the pamphleteer as of the novelist, and shows himself in this latter capacity as practical and purposeful as Daniel Defoe, or even as Charles Reade,

when the author of *Hard Cash* addresses himself to the reform of the lunacy laws, or, at the same time, exposes in *Man and Wife* the moral and physical evil of undisciplined athleticism, and the wrong that may be inflicted on unborn generations by an unrevised marriage code. Reade's sixteenth-century predecessor in novel reform, Barnabe Rich, though born in Essex, trained himself into a novelist while serving with his regiment in Ireland. The evils of the time so deadly to Ireland, as they are shown by the concrete instances of a well contrived and executed story, are popery, tobacco-smoking, and feminine extravagance. More skilful in the weaving of plots than Lyly, Rich introduced into another novel the machinery that served Shakespeare for *Twelfth Night*.

From the second half of the sixteenth century, novelists began to be, and remained, as plentiful as minor poets in the two or three anterior decades. With the authors of *Euphues* and *Arcadia*, novel-writing had been the pastime of cultivated and opulent leisure. It now became a profitable branch of literary trade. Those who practised it were men of antecedents, abilities, and aims as numerous, and differing as widely from each other, as in the case of the innumerable recruits to twentieth-century newspaper writing. So far, even when writing with a definite object, like Rich, the story-writers of the time had made it their chief business to combine entertainment with romance. The Lyly era produced however a writer more sternly, uncompromisingly, and even tragically realistic than any who had yet made English prose the medium of social narrative for self-revelations.

This was another Eastern Counties man, Robert Greene, born at Norwich, 1650. While at St. John's, Cambridge,

¹ Mr. Warre Cornish's "Jane Austen," p. 15.

he had almost ruined himself by college extravagance and the dissipations of the "grand tour" before he made any attempt at settling down to the business of life. Like S. T. Coleridge, he ran away from his studies on the Cam, but unlike Coleridge, he scoured the European continent as the pilgrim of debauchery, returned to his university, took his degree, wrote and published his first novel by the title of *Mamillia, or Looking-Glasses for the Ladies of England*, an almost exact precursor, as it would seem, of the shilling novelette, the product of a later day.

Following his erratic course, one is reminded of the fifteenth-century master of French blackguardism and verse, François Villon, though, unlike Villon, Greene never belonged to a gang of professional burglars, nor had to flee from the avenger of blood for the murder of a priest. The romance of his writing, however, went hand in hand with every kind of rascality. From childhood, he confesses, he had more delight in thieving, in wickedness and villainy of all sorts, than any decent man ever had in godliness or honesty. He squandered his wife's little fortune on profligacy, pawned her trinkets, and sold whatever of her relatives' property he could lay hands upon. If Thackeray had wanted inspiration for Barry Lyndon, he might have found it in these amazing autobiographical disclosures of the first English novelist, who, as if to establish a contrast with the courtly authors of *Euphues* and *Arcadia*, took low life for his theme, and became the ancestor of our latter-day novel of misery and sin. But, in another book, *Robert Greene's Repentance*, he tells us "there is no heart so void of grace, or so given over to wilful folly, but the merciful favor of God can modify." "An instance," he adds, "of the like chanced to myself, who long ago, hav-

ing taken the first step to hell, now find myself on the road to heaven."

The religious and didactic flavoring excepted, there is not a little to suggest the forerunner of *Jack Sheppard*, *Eugene Aram*, and *Paul Clifford* in Greene's *A Groatworth of Wit, Bought with a Million of Repentance*, a story of a usurer with two sons. The first of these, bred a scholar at the university, denounces the paternal trade so violently that he finds himself cut off with fourpence for purchasing wit. Instead of doing this, he takes to robbery and swindling for the payment of his tavern bills, and for satisfying the daughters of the horse-leech.

Greene's contemporary, Thomas Nashe, a native of the same part of England, and also educated at St. John's, Cambridge, did even more than had been done by Lyly towards making the novel a medium for satirical presentation of the absurdities, extravagances, social and moral shortcomings of the age. Like Greene, he acquired the cosmopolitan veneer and knowledge of life in its most shady or most disreputable aspects, secured by a long course of Continental rambling and makeshifts. If the novel of crime may be traced back to Greene, Nashe might also seem to have been visited by a presentiment of the flashy metaphysics and the melodramatic thaumaturgy reserved for posterity by Bulwer Lytton in *Zanoni*, *A Strange Story*, *The Haunted and the Haunters*. His ridicule of astrology, of astronomy, of all mystery-mongering, of chemical liquids defying death and disease, was as bitter as his gibes at Puritanism.

Two Restoration dramatists—one, John Crowne, forgotten almost as soon as he was heard of, the other, William Congreve—supplied and stimulated the growing demand for prose fiction of a purely popular and essentially

modern kind. Both of them, notwithstanding some rare raids upon De Gomberville and De Scudéry for characters and situations, realized that they were addressing a public which had wearied of those writers, one of whose stories often ran into half a dozen volumes. In 1692, some time before being known as a dramatist, William Congreve published his *Incognita*, a story of about the same length as our six-shilling volume. Called by its author a novel, it bears the same relation to romance as comedy does to tragedy. What the theatre lost in the seventeenth century the novel gained. Fathers of families who, in the reign of the second Charles, would not have let their wives and daughters visit the theatre to witness Congreve's comparatively inoffensive *Old Bachelor*, brought home for their domestic reading his story of cross purposes and disguises. It will thus be seen that the growth of the English novel of the romantic school into something like its existing character and length occupied as nearly as possible a hundred and ten years, for *Euphues* saw the light in 1579-80, while *Incognita* came in 1692.

The line on which the English novel has developed itself is from an incident to character. From this point of view, its debt to the essayist can scarcely be exaggerated. The literary art of character sketching came in with Overbury's pen-and-ink portraits of contemporary types in 1614.* The same vein was worked by Joseph Hall, the brilliant Puritan Bishop of Norwich, one of the English deputies at the Synod of Dort, though a champion of Episcopalianism. He was hated by Laud, but called by Alexander Pope the writer of the best satire, both

prose and verse, in the English language. The two masters from whom the novelist learned most as regards the supreme importance of this branch of his art and the secret of its successful execution, were John Bunyan and Joseph Addison. The men and women of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, instead of being personified abstractions like the figures of Elizabethan romance, are as much living creatures of flesh and blood as Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, Captain Sentry, and Will Honeycomb.

The middle of the eighteenth century saw in Samuel Richardson the first novel-writer who had profited to the full from the teaching he found ready to his hand. In dissection of motive and delineation of personal traits he is so far above Fielding and Smollett as to deserve all the credit he receives from an expert like Bulwer Lytton for the imaginative power, and analysis of temperament, approached by no other writer of his age. This is exhibited equally in the creation of Lovelace, and in the description of Clarissa Harlowe not only with the vividness of a genius which makes the things that are not as though they were, but with a delicacy as much beyond the reach of Fielding as of Swift himself. Jeremy Collier in 1698 really succeeded in purifying the English stage. First Dryden at once confessed the justice of the censure, and unresistingly proceeded to cut out the improprieties of his plays. Then after some controversy and mutual recriminations, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and D'Urfey followed suit.

Addison, by his union of literary judgment and Christian wisdom, had breathed a wholesomeness into literature generally. The cleansing of the novel in particular was reserved for a woman whom Burke had sat up all night to read, and Johnson had pronounced superior to all her male

* Something might be said for placing absolutely first, at a much earlier date, Bishop Latimer, whose homely, humorous sermons hit off various representatives of their age quite as happily as was afterwards done by William Law in his "Serious Call."

rivals. Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) not only wrote the earliest society stories, but showed that the lower life of London, exhibited with brutal repulsiveness by Fielding and Smollett, admitted of a treatment which, while not less graphic or true to the original, should, like Richardson's *Clariissa*, contain nothing to shock the most fastidious purity, be unfitted for the most rigidly guarded boudoir, or corrupt the most susceptible schoolroom.

Before the eighteenth century, intellectual distinction had been achieved by very few women in the history of the world. Solon indeed, so admired Sappho's writings that he did his best to learn them by heart, but the one great poetess of classical antiquity has delivered to modern posterity only short fragments of the nine books composing her original voluminous verses. It was not till 1810 that Sir James Mackintosh could speak of there being as many paintresses in Paris as she-novellists in London. Among those the most conspicuous who continued the healthy process Fanny Burney had begun were Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen. To the former of these Scott acknowledged his debt for the idea of his Waverley series; though between the work of these two writers there is this difference. Miss Edgeworth, in the *Absentee* and elsewhere, describes a condition of things she herself had witnessed. Sir Walter's Scotland was not that of his own day, but of his father's. Miss Austen's pictures of provincial life and character, being drawn from nature, exercised the same freshening influence in fiction as Maria Edgeworth's impressions of Ireland in her girlhood, which suffused with local color her best stories. Fielding died in 1754, Smollett in 1771. By that time the taste for both had practically died out. With an ease, therefore, which was

thought at the time surprising, the two Miss Lees (1780) and Mrs. Opie (1806) led the reaction in favor of the blameless domestic novel which the gifted women already named established as a permanent mode. It remained for Sir Walter Scott, by the romance, the realism, the imagination, the history and the elevation of tone combined in his writings to complete the redemption of the novel, and to make it not merely the chief, but the sole literary nutriment willingly taken in this second decade of the twentieth century.

Meanwhile Mrs. Radcliffe's pen pursued experiments of her own in the department of pure romance, while, in 1791, Mrs. Inchbald, with her volcanic temper and sensuous disposition, beguiled the solitude of her wretched London lodging by introducing the novel of passion (*A Simple Story* and *Nature and Art*, 1791) as a prelude to the novel of sex, seen at its best in the authoress originally known as "Currer Bell," and afterwards in her who achieved fame as George Elliot.

Jane Eyre (1847) and *Villette* (1852) were the first instalments of an entirely new departure in fiction by a writer in kind and degree as high above Mrs. Inchbald as she was superior to Aphra Behn. Such, during the mid-Victorian age, were the illustrious beginnings of the novel which tends to become less of a story than a treatise on the psychological and physiological differences separating the mere man from the then imperfectly emancipated but now militant sex.

In 1859 the author of the practically anonymous *Adam Bede* still bore the name to which she had been born. This was known in the writing world as that of a partner in a London printing-house. Dickens had no sooner read *Adam Bede* than the description of Hetty Sorrel doing her back hair convinced him that it was by a

woman. Some one put to him by letter a leading question as to the author's identity. It was thus answered by Dickens's daughter. "Papa's love, and he is quite sure *Adam Bede* is by either Bradbury or Evans, and he doesn't think it is Bradbury."

Tact is a feminine virtue far less universal than it is polite to take for granted. Women, however, of all degrees do unquestionably combine the aptitude with the opportunity for studying character, as well as of appreciating its differences. It was, therefore, to be expected that they should have at least their due proportion among the successors to the latter-day artists of prose fiction.

After Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer Lytton, no distinctly original genius of the same sex appeared till Laurence Oliphant irritated, delighted, and perplexed the polite world he knew so well with his *Piccadilly*. Nor would it be easy to name anything in the same vein as that medley of comedy narrative till Mr. W. H. Mallock struck out something almost as pointed and fresh in *The New Republic*.

Meanwhile there had risen two authoresses, each differing from the other, but both as independent of inspiration drawn from contemporary writers as either of the men just named. In *Not Wisely, but Too Well* (1867) and the stories following it, Miss Rhoda Broughton, taking a line altogether her own, modernized, and to that extent, as her partisans might have argued, improved upon much that was most refreshing and characteristic in Mrs. Oliphant, and the literary group of which that lady formed the centre.

About the same time, too, or shortly afterwards, the late Lady Currie, the wife of our sometime ambassador at Constantinople, in two stories, *Sophy*, or *The Adventures of a Savage*, and

Many Moods of a Man, reproduced the atmosphere and conversation of those social centres whose ornament and delight she had so long herself been. The former of her two books contained the early impressions left on her by George Borrow and David Urquhart. Both of these, and afterwards Esther Kinglake, had much to do with the training of her clever and accomplished girlhood and conversational faculty, long before, by her first marriage, she became Mrs. Singleton.

The period brightened by these two authoresses witnessed also the less enduring but not less capable performances of men who had learned the novelist's art under such nineteenth-century masters as Dickens, Thackeray, and Charles Reade. Dutton Cook, in his *Hobson's Choice*, at the time an entirely fresh and fascinating study of everyday life, prepared the way for the transition from the triple-tomed to the one-volume novel or novelette. Grenville Murray's *Young Brown* in the *Cornhill*, by its pungent irony, and delicate description of difficult details, gave the connoisseur the same delight as Laurence Oliphant's *Piccadilly*. Murray's preface to his novel, in its republished form, is worth reading because it shows the thoughtful and serious outlook on life, the keen penetration of motives which, together with the power of photographing his cosmopolitan experiences, and the personal forces of his period, made his writings the precursors of those remarkable compositions in which from time to time Mrs. Humphry Ward at once chronicles and personifies the spiritual, the material, the social, and political movements of the day.

Murray's contemporaries, the cleverest and best known of the number being Edmund Yates, lacked his earnestness and culture, and had caught too much of the spirit of Theodore Hook

and Albert Smith; but, knowing their business as well as Anthony Trollope himself, raised the literary standard of their art to the great good of their smaller fellow craftsmen and the circulating libraries. Their moral tendencies, too, were as little unwholesome as their workmanship was good. The "success of scandal" to the extent and in the shape subsequently known, had then still to become the fashion. The melodramatic effects introduced or elaborated by Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Henry Wood, and Miss Braddon, provided a sensational element which proved a seasoning quite strong enough for literary palates not yet debauched by the sheer animalism of the problem novel in the form that this composition now exercises the minds of current literary censors and library committees.

If there be anything new in the fictions placed with such trumpetings of their infamy on the *Index Expurgatorius*, it is not so much their salacity as their grossness. Their refrain is concupiscence without the excuse of passion, and lust that glories in its freedom from the veneer of love. No overwhelming strength of illicit affection, but a sensual fatalism fore-ordained by the author of all evil and against which it would be vain to fight, drags men and women, middle-aged as well as young, and must continue to drag them, into the slough of promiscuous intercourse.

Deplorable as all this of course is, consolation for the present as well as hope for the future may be found in the present review of the English novel's vicissitudes. Its degradation could not have been deeper than on the eve of its permanent reform and purified revival by the writers who heralded the fresh lease of wholesome prosperity on which with the nineteenth century it entered. Such may well be the case now. Supervision of

some kind, public or private, for choice the latter, there must be. The danger is lest the censors should defeat their own end, and instead of extirpating the abominable thing, only advertise it, and add to it a mischievously prurient attraction, while declaring their determination to place it beyond the reader's reach. The wisdom of the serpent must in this case go hand in hand with the innocence of the dove, and there is a very real danger lest indiscreet precaution should precipitate and aggravate the evil that it is organized to remove or prevent. A universally read and immensely wealthy American newspaper helped itself towards notoriety and opulence in its struggling days by the sensational headline announcing that its editor and proprietor had been "cow-hided again." Scarcely a week now passes in which the well-meaning watchmen standing in the breach to stay the plague of pernicious fiction do not complain that the book which ought to be burnt by the common hangman is still in active demand. On the other hand, an omen of good may be found in the growing abandonment of the hypocritical plea that the novelist's art must suffer if a Pharisaic and Philistine prejudice is to warn him off the sins and follies out of which commonly grow the most thrilling, or at least telling situations in the melodrama of human life. Nor is it so much the risky subject-matter as its deliberately meretricious treatment against which the protests are chiefly made.

In 1891 Mr. Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* showed that the night side of human nature and the scabrous places in social life, could be treated without real offence by a cultivated, competent, and cleanly-minded writer. So, too, with the latest story by Mr. H. G. Wells, *The Passionate Friends*. The unmaking as well as the

making of marriage had a place in its foreground; and it contained scenes which might be called highly colored, even for a French novel. But Mr. Hardy and Mr. Wells were not charged with more enmity to public morals than Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Corelli to religion. The books of Mr. Wells, however, abound with weighty thought, and, like those coming from his best contemporaries, glow with earnestness and sincerity. The topics or incidents kept by decent society in the background, if now and then referred to, are introduced rather to "point a moral than adorn a tale," and never, as the censured novelists are charged with doing, dwelt upon and gloated over as a central interest.

Mr. Hall Caine's influence has been shown scarcely more in his writings than in the sentence of doom he secured against the old three-volume novel. Of those about his own standing, Mr. Silas and Mr. Joseph Hocking are nearest Mr. Hall Caine as regards subject, style, and popularity. Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Maurice Hewlett are modern specimens of the practical men of affairs and of travel, to whom, as has been seen, the novel, in its infancy, owed much. Both are occasionally conversant with neurotic, sexual, and other delicate themes growing out of the latest feminine movements. Both, however, contrive to deliver an exclusively twentieth-century message, and lay bare the social system without a word of description or innuendo which could offend Bowdler himself.

"The fussy obscurantists," as the custodians of morality in the most popular and subtly influential department of contemporary letters are called, would, it is said, have suppressed *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews*; by so doing, it is added, they would have interfered with the entirely virtuous Richardson's vogue, because Fielding de-

signed *Joseph Andrews* as a satire on Richardson's *Pamela*, and the success of the vicious parody acted as an advertisement for the blameless original. And here in passing, it may be pointed out that, as a fact, neither Fielding nor Smolett, even in the eighteenth century, still less at any subsequent date, formed the universal reading of the English public in the same way as was done by the plays of Shakespeare, or Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. The genius shown in the creation of its characters and in the control of the complexity of its plot, was not generally regarded as palliating the grossness of *Tom Jones*; while the abominations that defiled *Jonathan Wild*, published six years earlier, seriously, for a time, interfered with the fortunes of Fielding's masterpiece.

So, to an even greater extent, did it fare with Jonathan Swift, whose political writings notoriously were confined to a comparatively narrow circle of readers by the repellent obscenity of his narratives and vocabulary. It is, therefore, not the fact that those who support the veto of the Libraries Association upon the fleshly schools of fiction previously described, would, if they acted logically, decimate the shelves containing the best-known prose works of the eighteenth century.

Equally irrelevant and absurd is it to suggest that, had the censorship denounced to-day been in existence one hundred and fifty years ago, the novelists who were as necessary to the historians of that epoch as Dickens and Thackeray must remain to those of the Victorian age, would either have been gagged, or never have written at all. In the principle of the procedure now exciting so many appeals against it there is nothing new. Home duties, as they used to be known, formerly included in their stringency

and obligation some care for the light reading of the household. That responsibility has become obsolete in an age of feverishly incessant preoccupation with concerns far outside the sphere of home life. If parents and guardians, masters and mistresses had not parted with the old-fashioned feeling of personal concern for the tendency of the printed matter consumed beneath their roof, the Libraries Association would not have come into existence. There are regulations for effectually preventing the entrance of poisonous matter into the physical system; and the distillation of moral or spiritual venom may well be considered an evil which is not likely to be ignored, especially when, as is now the case, its propagation is uncontrolled by the private prophylactic that is now gone entirely out of date.

How far the enterprise is practicable is another matter, and it cannot but fail if precaution and prohibition only operate as advertising agencies for stimulating the evil they are designed to extirpate. Happily the past fortunes of English fiction which have here been followed, justify the belief that the bane will provide its own antidote, and that neither the novel, its makers, nor its readers will suffer much from the disease of unhealthy

The London Quarterly Review.

writing, confined within reassuringly narrow limits. Mrs. Humphry Ward excepted, latter-day novelists seldom aim at reflecting the contemporary temper and drift to the same extent as their Victorian predecessors. They have, however, caught the contagion of a vulgar and materialistic, rather than, as it prides itself on being, a cosmopolitan age. Still, from the literary point of view, the minor novelist has not much degenerated from the nineteenth-century average. He lights up his pages indeed with few flashes of epigram, such as the description of French novels as the concentrated essence of the world, the flesh, and the devil, in yellow paper covers; or to pay a tradesman to whom a long account is owing a five pound note is like giving a wet brush to a very old hat—it creates a temporary gleam of comfort and no more. These two flowers of phrase belong respectively to Mrs. J. K. Spender and Edmund Yates. On the other hand, the twentieth-century minor novelist, if seldom a sayer of good things, avoids failures so lamentable as that perpetrated by an otherwise brilliant writer of the 'fifties, E. M. Whitty, in the baldly realistic and thoroughly commonplace fiction, *The Friends of Bohemia*.

T. H. S. Escott.

THE TILERIES STACK.

CHAPTER III.

Jimmie went up the first two or three dozen rungs of the ladders with boyish exhilaration. Then, still ascending, he tried to interest himself rather closely in the joints of the ladder-pieces. A little more and he ventured upon a side peep at the scenery beneath him. This led to a great and cheering surprise. Instead of being upset by what he saw, he liked it. No

dizziness seized his brain, but a sublime and ennobling sense of excitement. He felt like shouting "Hurrah!" and waving his hand to the world at large.

It was an impressive discovery; so totally unexpected, moreover, that after his initial triumph he dared to wonder if he could believe in it as anything better than a temporary intoxication of which the after-effects might

be calamitous. But such a fancy was not to be humored. He understood this when he had made a three-quarter turn of the head and perceived the abyss of the clay-pit also, as it were, under his heels. One glance into that and he hurried on. It was a magnificent sensation, but made the brain riot unduly.

"It's capital sport. Nothing much to gas about, after all, in this monkey-work!" he told himself. But he held the supports of the ladder rather more firmly than heretofore, and fastened his gaze for a spell upon the bricks of the chimney itself. To sober his brain he urged his mind's energies upon the business part of his adventure, and smiled as he climbed on.

Beyond question, Phineas Ridley's face would be a sight to behold when and wherever they met on the stack. Probably the old chap was still unaware of his visit to Bidston. To be sure, there was just the possibility that Mrs. Ridley's tongue had broken loose about him in the night. If so, it was to be hoped that she had kept him also sanguine that he (Jimmie) was the mean sort of wretch who would sacrifice his soul's ideals for cash, and that Mary was the kind of girl to rejoice in such a husband. Otherwise—— But the alternative was not fit for thought. The briefest possible consideration of it sent a shiver down Jimmie's climbing spine. He preferred to hearten himself immediately with Mary's words about the old man's improved disposition towards him since the Tuesday of his brother Silas's death. There would be rich realism in Phineas's first stare at him in a minute or two, but he was fairly justified in trusting that there would be no hurricane of curses to follow. Upon one point he was determined. He would not stay long enough with Phineas for anything like intimate conversation. "Good-day, Mr. Ridley.

I've brought you a telegram. I happened to be passing, and I thought I'd see how much nerve I've got. See you by-and-by—perhaps! Mustn't wait now!" He would fire at the old chap some such greeting as this from the topmost ladder, laugh at his bewilderment, give him the telegram, and descend. The "perhaps" would, of course, be an inaudible aside. Nor was it at all likely that Mr. Ridley would hunt down after him and chase him towards Hoxley Fields for personal or any other reasons.

Thus far his thoughts and schemes. They were not particularly rational, and herein of course they took their cue from the impulse which had driven him to do what he was doing. But they ended in the sudden realization that his goal was at hand.

The wind had whistled snappily at him off and on from the farther side of the stack without disquieting him. A gust with a full-throated bellow in it charging round at both his shoulders simultaneously checked his progress, which for the last hundred and fifty feet had been dreamlike and automatic. He flattened against the ladder, looked up, down, and up again, all in one moment.

It was a ghastly moment of disillusionment. "Oh my God!" he wailed then, his face and closed eyes set towards the chimney again. For many more moments he stood quite still, save for his tremors.

The abnormal Jimmie Bishop of five or six minutes ago had evaporated, and he was his more familiar self again—a panic-stricken imbecile in such a situation, with a heart that seemed trying to thump its way out of his body. He saw and understood much in these grim moments when all his powers of vision were turned so searchingly inward. But nothing mattered now. He was as good as dead, and he deserved to be dead. No one

would be sorry except Mary, and she would be well rid of him. Oh, what a fool he had been in this first and last prosperous year of his life!—*what* a fool!

But this compound distress was too much. He opened his eyes and yelled. The cornice of the stack's great head, an irregular cube in shape, was about thirty feet above him, with the outer ends of the scaffold and a rope on a pulley therefrom just frilling out higher still. He stared at it, wide-eyed and wide-mouthed, ready to yell again—though without thoughts of Phineas Ridley or any one. But, in fact, he made no more noise of that kind. A strange and merciful interest in the cornice took hold of him and gradually drew the horror from his stare. Gradually also his nervous terrors calmed and counsels of good hope breathed in him. He was so near to the top and Mr. Ridley, and once there—once past that outthrust part—the rest would be child's-play. The outward bulge certainly looked rather awful, but that didn't mean that it was dangerous. The long length of ladder—thirteen or fourteen feet, he estimated it—which sprang away from the side of the stack to the cornice-edge was really only a few degrees worse than perpendicular—quite a few; and the foothold and handhold which it offered were of course as safe as anywhere else. They were epochal minutes in Jimmie's life, these two or three, all told, from the first of his shudders as a man condemned to die to the setting of his teeth and the next rung in the ladder.

"I'll not be beaten!" he whispered; and a very few seconds later he was over the bulge. Hence to the summit it was a soothing inward slope four or five yards high, with the scaffold-poles to the right of him like the arms of protecting friends.

Spread-eagled on the last ladder, he raised a shout of victory and laughed

up at Mr. Ridley. His shout disturbed the chimney-jack in an idle moment standing by the lightning-conductor, with an empty trowel slackly in his hand. It was no time for exact scrutiny of the look with which old Phineas regarded him while he finished his climb. It was not a look to grace a Sunday school, but Jimmie expected nothing so unnatural. He almost ran up that last ladder to the level stone-flagged promenade some two feet wide which circled the dark vent of the stack, and nodded at the slowly approaching chimney-jack. He couldn't do more than nod yet.

Phineas was the first to speak. "You mean to tell me, young feller, that's you?" he said hoarsely, with a tranquillity that ought to have brought suspicions into a mind so practised in human nature's analysis as Jimmie's. There was scarcely a show of excitement in his eyes, and none in his voice.

"Yes, Mr. Ridley," responded Jimmie, panting eagerly. He held out his quivering hand to be grasped. "How are you? I"—

"*You!*" then cried the interrupting chimney-jack, and there was no misreading the tone of this second "*you*." A sudden glare was in his eyes. He tossed the chisel into the empty space to the right of him. "I calculated it was my mate Tom Swallow," he continued, with a clever but ominous return of calmness. "I dunno what Tom's up to this mornin', but it'd ha' bin safer if it'd ha' bin him—safer for two or three of us. D'you foller me, Mr. Jimmie Bishop from London?"

"I want to explain to you, Mr. Ridley," said Jimmie feebly. The earlier horror was creeping over him again. The flight of the chisel started it. This, added to the now realized shock of the chimney's inside edge and what lay beneath it, and the sight of Phineas's closing fists, which seemed to empha-

size the hate in his eyes—together, they turned him sick in a moment. He slid away from the old man, careful inches at a time; and, inches for inches, the old man followed him.

"Explain, is it?" Phineas grinned frightfully. "What I'm goin' to do is to explain with me knuckles—these 'ere knuckles" (he exhibited them)—"on yer win'pipe. About time, too, after yon letter!"

The menacing attitude of his huge fists fell to pieces as he flung a hand into his pocket.

"Letter, Mr. Ridley?" said Jimmie with an effort. He saw the ugly giant through a mist. But sparks flickered in the mist, and these gave the chimney-jack's countenance a diabolic background. He had ebbd as far as a scaffold-pole and steadied himself with it. "What letter?" he whispered.

Phineas snatched it forth and flourished it in the air like a Jove with clenched lightnings ready for a naughty world. His lips parted. Standing still some four average paces from Jimmie and the pole, he was positively on the point of obliging with a direct, business-like answer to that plain question.

What a saving of pain, to more than one, if he had done so! Even if he had crashed the letter's news upon Jimmie like Jove's thunder after the imperial lightning, there was still the chance that it would have roused Jimmie's failing faculties; his mind might have sprung to attention, and in a lucid minute or two succeeded in coaxing the crazed old man to toe the line of reason.

It truly was an enraging letter for the chimney-jack. He had received it that morning from Corser & Jones, his brother Silas's solicitors—Birmingham people. When, on the Wednesday, word reached him of his brother's death from Martha Morris, Silas's

housekeeper, he had journeyed to Cinderbank as a fraternal matter of course; to arrange about the funeral, for one thing, and to secure his brother's last will and testament, about which Silas had told him more than a year ago, and where to find it in case of need. He had duly settled the funeral for Saturday, but had not found the will. Martha Morris said Silas had sent it to his solicitors in January. This surprised Phineas a little, but not much, for Silas was a man whose word could usually be relied upon. "Ah! Maybe so's *you* mightn't get peepin' at it!" he surmised, with his natural coarseness; and, with a gentle forgiving smile, Martha agreed that that might be so. "Well, I'll drop 'em a note for it," Phineas said further; and after some just commendations of Martha for the care and patience—especially the patience—with which she had attended Silas during the last ten years she had been domiciled with him, he patted her plump shoulder and returned to Bids-ton. He wrote to Corser & Jones very suitably as one in authority, not only as their client's nearest of kin, but as father of the chief and to the best of his belief sole heiress of Silas's estate.

But Corser & Jones's reply that morning began by muddling his head because of its absurdity. It muddled him to such an extent that he didn't even use strong language about it at first. He passed it to Mary in the Hen Lane house with an opinion that they didn't know what they were talking about. It was brief in its statement that it was their duty to advise Mr. Phineas Ridley that he was mistaken in supposing that his daughter Mary was the principal beneficiary in the recent will, of their own drafting, which Silas had left with them. One hundred pounds only was bequeathed to her, and everything else to Mrs. Martha Morris of Cinderbank.

Mary's estimate of the letter, of course, differed from her father's. She kissed his ugly face and said, "Never mind, dad. I don't care, and you mustn't."

And then Phineas rushed for the Tileries stack and dally toll. He didn't even call for his mate Swallow on the way. He took the letter with him. "Stop yer howlin'!" he shouted at poor Mrs. Ridley, whose dismay had sought prompt solace in tears; but to Mary, ere he banged the door, he only said gruffly, but with bloodshot eyes and his chin-beard shaking, "I'll think it over!" as if some good might come of that.

He thought it over striding to the stack, ascending the ladders of the stack, and on the stack; and long before he glanced round from the lightning-conductor at Jimmie's proud eyes and wind-blown hair he had come to the conclusion that there were two folks on the earth whom it would be a relief to throttle. That moon-faced, meek-and-mild, crafty hypocrite and cat of a widow, Mrs. Martha Morris, was one, and Jimmie was the other. The collapse of his very primitive, simple, renewed aspirations about Jimmie and Mary as a sequel to his brother's demise mounted Jimmie upon a loftier pinnacle of hate as a family foe than ever before.

So, instead of answering Jimmie's question, Phineas crushed the letter in his hand, sneered like a fiend, and threw it after the chisel. "I'll letter you, me son!" he hissed, making a long, steady stride to the platform.

There was murder in his eyes. Jimmie couldn't see much distinctly, but he saw this. He stood the first, second, and third strides of the demoralized old man. Then he loosed the pole and turned as if to leap into eternity on his own account; but instead he made a wild step towards the frail

sanctuary of the rest of the scaffolding, his feet missed the plank they aimed at, he grabbed a hanging rope, which his deadweight caused to run through his fingers like something greased, and a quite inappreciable cry oozed from his lips as he slipped down it.

Not, however, to the quick death to which he had resigned himself. He expected to drop through space like a stone when he came to the end of the rope. But in fact the rope hung straight to the upper side of the obtuse angle of the stack's great head, and there it landed him with a trifling shock. And the next thing he knew about himself was that his feet—the major part of them, not his toes—were resting upon a collar of level stonework a few inches wide, and that his back was buttressed against the slope of the stack's headpiece. He was as little out of the perpendicular, though in the other direction, as that last trying ladder of his ascent to the cornice, but his consciousness was not keen enough to think of that. The rope was still in his hands as a further support.

In this grisly situation—its grisliness paralyzed him and made him relax his hold of the rope—he heard Phineas above address him as from another world, "That's neat, Jimmie Bishop; uncommon neat. You couldn't ha' done it prettier if you'd tried your durndest. Stick tight where you am, young feller, while I put on me considerin' cap about you. I'm openin' me knife, but I dunno as I'll cut the rope all in a minit. Theer's for and agin that. And, anyway, you've some time for yer prayers. Start on 'em—that's my advice to you, afore you topple overboard without any interferin' from me. Art listenin', boy?"

Jimmie heard without any attempt to listen. Will and power for endeavor of any kind seemed to have left him as soon as he perceived what

had befallen him. He lay thus pillowed in mid-air comfortably enough, staring across the void at the blue sky and the horizon hills.

Then he heard a chuckling laugh and some more words. "Two funerals in two days—that's rough on a chap's spirits, some folks'd say, and so I'm goin' to cheer meself up wi' some 'bacca.—Any objections to me smokin' my pipe, you down theer?" But he didn't hear the next words, following the strike of a match: "Stubborn, are ye, young feller? Come, rouse up!"

And when the chimney-jack jerked the rope Jimmie's hands dropped from it, limply, to his sides, and stayed there as if he were asleep or dead of fright, like a bird faced by the jaws of a snake.

"Hello! Loosed it, have you?" said old Phineas in a tone of surprise, beginning to draw the rope up to him. "What's thy game now, me lad?"

Jimmie neither heard this nor answered the question. And it was certainly well for him and others that he

Chambers's Journal.

(To be concluded.)

was as deaf as the chimney itself to the words which then broke from the old man.

Some one held him firmly by the arm and said, "Father!" close to his ear.

"God's truth, Mary, what brings *you* here?" stammered the wretched old man when his pipe had broken at his feet with a little shower of fragments for Jimmie's head. He turned his wild-eyed face from his daughter the next moment, shrinking before her gaze.

"What does it *mean*, father?" she whispered, looking down at the motionless Jimmie. "I thought something was wrong. Oh daddy! daddy!"

They were bad moments for both of them; but old Phineas would sooner have been confronted by ten angels of doom there or anywhere than by this pale, slim girl in black, with her skirts looped at the ankles, dishevelled hair, and eyes of which the restrained anguish alone condemned him for what he was.

C. Edwardes.

THE FUTURE OF THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.*

In dealing with a highly controversial subject such as the "Women's Movement," which appeals so strongly to emotion and prejudice, and deals with data of such an intangible character, it is almost impossible to avoid vague and shallow generalizations. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief and sanguine expectation that we read in Mrs. Fawcett's preface to Mrs. Swanwick's book that it "avoids

cheap and easy generalizations"; and the disappointment was the greater when, instead of a clear review of the position of the woman's movement, we were again met with those worn-out commonplaces which are the despair of those who try to keep pace with feminist literature. As an example of the silliness—there is no other word to describe it—of so much that is written on this subject, we need only refer to the chapters entitled respectively "The Man's Woman" and "The Woman's Woman" and to the extraordinarily shallow chapter called "Democracy." This is the more re-

* "The Vocation of Woman." By Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Future of the Women's Movement." By H. M. Swanwick. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Conflicting Ideals": Two Sides of the Woman's Question. By B. L. Hutchins. (Thomas Murby. 1s. 6d.)

"The Fraud of Feminism." By E. Belfort Rax. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

grettable, as Mrs. Swanwick is, on the whole, a moderate exponent of the suffragist position; she disclaims any violent sex prejudice, states her opponents' views fairly as a rule, and does not unduly idealize her sex.

It is interesting to compare her conclusions with those of Mrs. Colquhoun, who writes from a progressive but non-suffragist point of view, to note how much they have in common, and at what point their views diverge. Both are agreed as to the inevitability and the desirability of motherhood and the home being woman's chief *métier*, both realize the necessity for a radical change in the methods of women's education, both insist on the need for more "knowledge" and "scope" for women; but each of them is rather anxious to recommend her pet panacea. Mrs. Colquhoun deals with the subject in a very moderate and broad-minded spirit, very much above the usual level of suffrage controversy; but home-life and domesticity are evidently her panacea, and in her anxiety for the preservation of family life she is a little tempted to sentimentalize over the somewhat doubtful joys of the housewife and mother who has to face the difficult conditions of the present day with an equipment little in advance of that of the eighteenth century. She does not really face the problem, which not even the most domestically minded can afford to shirk, that a growing number of women are driven by the pressure of circumstances to seek a greater or lesser degree of economic independence. On the other hand, she realizes as few writers do that the greatest enemy of the women's movement is women's own snobishness, laziness, and the cult of "gentility." Mrs. Swanwick's panacea is the liberation of women by men from the state of subjection in which she considers that they are still kept, and the throwing open to women of all

careers which are now closed to them. Unlike many suffragists, she admits the average inferiority of women's work to that of men, and admits that where the two sexes come into competition men must generally command higher wages; but this argument she meets with a sentimental appeal for a "change of heart" by which men are to "leave off applying to women a cash standard wholly inappropriate to that part of the community whose work is so largely work for the future"—though what other standard than a cash standard can be applied under competitive conditions we are not told.

The fact is, that comprehensive treatises which attempt to deal with every aspect of the woman's question—sexual, sociological, biological, economic, or political—are bound to be rather inconclusive and futile. It is for this reason that we welcome the modest and unpretentious monograph of Miss B. L. Hutchins, who confines herself to a simple and carefully thought out exposition of one aspect of the woman's question—namely, the conflict between the old-fashioned ideal of the "patriarchal" family and the new "individualistic ideal," which arises from the fact that the mother, the domestic woman, "produces use-values as opposed to exchange-values"—in other words, that "the domestic virtues . . . have no earning power." Miss Hutchins has no panacea to offer; her own bias, very discreetly indicated on page 69, would seem to be in favor of a Socialistic state, but though she has nothing strikingly novel to say, it is well and clearly said. The same cannot be said of Mr. Bax, who will not content himself with the simple task of refuting the oft-repeated suffragist assertion that "man-made" laws differentiate unjustly against women, but drags his argument into a murky atmosphere of

sex antagonism and suffragette-like spite into which few readers will care to follow him.

But all these books go to prove that the patent weakness of the feminist movement is above all due to the fact that its aims are so confused. There are many who consider that the excessive preoccupation of the present generation of women with the political side of the question has tended to increase this confusion. It is still by no means satisfactorily demonstrated that women *as a sex* have interests apart from and antagonistic to those of men, or whether there are merely a number of feminine group-interests arising from the peculiar conditions of women's work. Mrs. Colquhoun, in her chapter on "Modern Women in Politics," in spite of much dogmatic and irrelevant political generalizing, certainly goes far towards showing that the female vote would be very unlikely to square with the present party system; yet if we attempt to fix in words any conception of a separate Feminist Party, we find it almost impossible to sketch a programme for it. We look at the existing suffragist societies and see, on the one hand, the Conservative suffragists, standing for the rights of property; on the other hand the Radical suffragists, standing for universal adult suffrage; and yet again the Socialist suffragists. But cutting across these ordinary party divisions comes a series of subjects upon which women claim to be especially competent to express an opinion, and, if they get the chance, to legislate—for instance, such matters as public morality, the relations of the sexes, and questions affecting the family, the status of the wife, and children. There are, moreover, the complicated questions arising from legislation affecting the work of women. Much compromise would obviously be necessary before any sort of coherent party could

be formed out of all these heterogeneous elements.

Another consideration which is not sufficiently borne in mind in feminist literature—whence, no doubt, arises much of its vagueness and impracticability—is that there is not one woman's problem, but many women's problems. The educated and the uneducated woman—not to speak of the half-educated woman—the woman of the working classes and of the middle classes, the woman who is wholly self-supporting and she who is only partly so, the married and the unmarried woman, the woman with children and the woman without them—all these classes offer very varied problems depending in each case on different factors; and each requires separate study. "Knowledge and scope" are the watchwords of progressive women. But are we quite sure that women are really seeking knowledge in the right quarters, or using the scope which they already possess? It is too generally assumed that the efforts of the "pioneer women" of former generations have done all that there was to be done, and that women have nothing left to do but rest on their oars and float down an ever-widening river of progress. There is no greater delusion. Women have rushed into the labor market in a haphazard way, too often with no particular training and with no standard of efficiency; and, in an age when the root principles underlying women's education and women's work are still matters of lively controversy, those who will deserve best of their sex are those who will devote their time and money to further pioneer work, examining piecemeal the whole field of woman's effort, collecting the data which are necessary before the problems connected with this work can be rationally dealt with, and discovering into what chan-

nels the energies of women can be most usefully led. There seems to be no reason why women should not take in hand many matters, of great importance both to the community and to the individual, for which their particular gifts would seem to qualify them. Apart from local government, public health, and the care of children, which already offer scope for women's work, a great deal is waiting to be done in the direction of improved education and vocational training for girls, and, merely to touch upon a vast subject, the application of scientific methods to the improvement of the home and of the production and distribution of food. Most important of all would seem to be the accumulation of trustworthy data as to the work and wages of women. There are bodies,

The Times.

such as the Women's Industrial Council and the Womens Economic and Industrial Union of Boston, Mass., which are employed in this indispensable work of research and vocational training; and it is very much to be regretted that money and energy should be diverted from this important constructive work to barren controversy and petulant agitation, based on insufficient knowledge and having no clear aim in view. The future of the woman's movement lies entirely in the hands of women. It is surely quite out of date to maintain, as Mrs. Swanwick does, that women are not nowadays quite sufficiently emancipated to effect, by their own efforts, almost all that is required for the work of enlightening and raising their sex.

MR. BALFOUR ON THEISM.

Mr. Balfour's Gifford Lectures have encouraged plain men to make incursions into philosophy which they would not have attempted without his guidance. This is a substantial justification of his method in itself. No doubt many metaphysicians and mathematicians have been fluttered by Mr. Balfour's debonair or negligent handling of axioms and phrases which they regard as almost sacred. But if the object of philosophers is to relate the eternal verities to the common experiences of life, it is just as well that as many plain people as possible should understand what is being done on their behalf. Mr. Balfour has certainly interested a wide public, and expressed himself in language which can be readily understood. At all events, his statements seem to be simple enough, though we confess that here and there, when we try to press the words to yield their exact meaning, we

find that they are rather like a handwriting which seems at the first glance to be highly legible, but which is found to be difficult to follow when one begins to read. Certain principles, nevertheless, stand out as clear as crystal, and will be considered to be of enormous interest by plain men all over the English-speaking world. It may be their amiable habit, as is characteristic of plain men, to defer to those in authority, and they will remember all their lives that Mr. Balfour has confessed to this or that belief, while perhaps they have never troubled themselves with what Kant or Hume or Leibniz taught on the same subject. It may be said, truly enough, that it is not their business to follow philosophy; and, indeed, Mr. Balfour's success in interesting people is to be measured by the aloofness of the world from metaphysical thinking. "God," he said, "has not so made the world

that its ordinary business is to be carried on by dialectic." At the same time, he argued, in effect, that plain men are in real need of having the results of philosophy simply presented for their use. The torments of speculative thought are not confined to those regions where men breathe an æther of rare intellectuality. The real difficulties of thought in relation to the greatest truths belong to everyday life and everyday occupations.

The main conclusion which Mr. Balfour offers, and which, indeed, contains all the others, is that all life is meaningless unless we suppose that there is a God. A world without a God, as he put it, is even a world in which æsthetic and ethical values are greatly diminished. It is not often that the argument is carried into the sphere of æsthetics, but we admit that it is a very powerful one when thus applied. Everything which is beautifully wrought is a working towards perfection. But we must have a sense of the ultimate existence of perfection, and of its inspirations, operations, and rewards, before we can begin to trace a purpose in the universe. Purely materialistic philosophy always seems to us the most difficult thing of all to swallow. It goes utterly beyond the limits of our powers of belief. It asks us to believe that the universe is a fortuitous concourse of atoms which came together for no reason and revolves through space for no reason. But directly we assume that there is a God who has some ultimate purpose, and has perhaps partially revealed that purpose, the universe becomes explicable. It may still be full of intellectual and spiritual stumbling-blocks, but at all events it is easier to grasp the idea of it with God than without God. The thing is no longer aimless nonsense—a bad joke, an idiot's tale without rhyme or reason!

The assumption that there is a God

is, if we may put it so, like the chemical which when dropped into the test tube clears the whole solution. Or, again, it is like a brilliant emendation which clears up the contradictions and clarifies the whole meaning of some defective manuscript. We do not know in the last analysis what forces are at work in the test tube—we only observe the phenomena and trace causes and effects. And we do not know whether a brilliant emendation has really supplied the place of the missing or corrupted words in a manuscript; we only know that the effect has been like that of turning on a light in a dark room. Take, for instance, the famous emendation in Theobald's edition of Shakespeare where it is said of Falstaff that he "babbled o' green fields." There is no certainty that that is what Shakespeare wrote, but the character of the senseless, corrupt words which were replaced by this phrase makes it seem extremely likely that Theobald divined the truth. One cannot perhaps say more than that of what Mr. Balfour throughout his lectures defined as "probable" beliefs as distinguished from "inevitable" beliefs; but, after all, is it not enough? The mathematicians are convinced that we shall be lost if we stray from the path of what may be proved by experiment or demonstration. But Mr. Balfour reminds us, as Butler did before him, that probability is one of the strongest guides in life. In trying to determine our place in the universe and in relating ourselves to eternal truth we cannot expect anything so satisfying as the key to a cryptogram, for if we get the key to a cryptogram the solution is a certainty. There is in that case no more room for faith. But we are not dealing with certainties; we are dealing with a set of conditions in which probability is not merely a reasonable motive for the mind, but is actually and continually a motive of

the most compelling kind for all sorts and classes of men and women.

Mr. Balfour said that he had sometimes amused himself by reflecting what treatment the doctrine of the conservation of energy would have received from men of science if it had happened to be a theological dogma. When a particular case is inverted in that way it enables one to appreciate more vividly than before how far hypothesis has to be relied upon to vitalize the enormous mass of observed facts which science has accumulated. The atomic theory is not a certainty; even Newton's laws are not a certainty, and are being challenged by some of the rising scientific generation. The atomic theory comes down from Democritus, and is surely one of the most majestic illustrations of the power of human thought. Without a thousandth part of the data now before men of science, the mental vision of Democritus pierced the veil. "Probability" was the motive. Belief preceded the evidence; and all the evidence that has since been collected has justified the belief. When the sense of probability is overwhelmingly strong in men they may act with a sort of prophetic impulse. This mental or spiritual impulse is like what M. Bergson calls "vital impulse" in the organic world. The modern youth has

The Spectator.

reached the stage of appreciating the fact that faith and science move on parallel lines which can never meet. Collision is impossible. He is thus saved from the superfluous agonies of doubt which beset many men of an earlier generation, who felt the ground crumble away under their feet when, for instance, they were compelled to abandon the belief that Genesis was a scientific narrative. Modern Biblical criticism has rendered an enormous service to the peace of mind of men and women, who perhaps know nothing about the criticism directly, by conveying to them at some removes a juster appreciation of the character of inspiration. The old bugbear of science conceived as a killer of religion is dead. The doctrine of evolution is even applicable to religious beliefs, and in many minds at once simplifies and exalts the conception of divine method in the universe. The modern man of science does not attempt to challenge a theistic philosophy, because he knows that he can neither prove nor disprove. He may not accept such a belief for himself, but he is only guided by a "probability," just as others are guided by what is to them a probability when they say that belief in a God can alone remove the "meaninglessness" of the universe.

SAPPHO.*

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

If there be any truth in the opinion of those judges who hold that the highest and noblest branch of English

* Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has allowed the "Saturday Review" to print this unpublished appreciation of Sappho, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Unpublished work, prose or poetry, of Swinburne's is very rare. We are happy, therefore, to print an appreciation so typical, in its glow and passion, of the great poet. It is not a fragment, but is quite complete in itself. It is of singular interest to every reader of Swinburne, because Sappho's fragments exercised an immense influence on his work. We have been told that Swinburne was "steeped in Sappho."

literature is that of poetry, we may not be far wrong if we proceed from the admission of this "flattering truth" to the assumption that the fairest and most precious fruit of that branch is to be found in its dramatic outgrowth. The lyric and the dramatic are the two highest forms of the poetic art; it rises and divides itself as it were into these two sovereign peaks or summits

at the crowning point of its perfection when it passes out of the narrative or epic stage of its godlike childhood and heroic youth. Above the final result of these forms it never can rise, beyond them it never can pass; and when there is no longer a source in the poetic literature of a nation for fresh development and vigorous increase either on the lyric side or the dramatic, its time is come to pass downward into its period of decadence through the various and often fruitful and beautiful stages of elegiac or idyllic, satiric or didactic verse. But in the poetic literature of a nation really great and rich in that especial quality of its life, the capacities of such increase and the possibilities of such development are not easily to be limited by definition or prediction. It may be safe to say at certain points of its history that further advance is impossible, if the word advance be taken in the direct and absolute sense of improvement; that a nation which has had its *Æschylus* or its *Shakespeare* has produced men unsurpassable in the

The Saturday Review.

dramatic line for ever, as a nation which has brought forth a *Sappho* or a *Shelley* has attained a point in lyric poetry beyond which none of its children to come can pass; but it is not even after the birth and death of such as these safe to say of a nation which could bear them that it never can bear their like—at least, that it never may look to bring forth poets worthy to be named with them.

Judging even from the mutilated fragments fallen within our reach from the broken altar of her sacrifice of song, I for one have always agreed with all Grecian tradition in thinking *Sappho* to be beyond all question and comparison the very greatest poet that ever lived. *Æschylus* is the greatest poet who ever was also a prophet; *Shakespeare* is the greatest dramatist who ever was also a poet; but *Sappho* is simply nothing less—as she is certainly nothing more—than the greatest poet who ever was at all. Such at least is the simple and sincere profession of my lifelong faith.

"WHEN GHOST MEETS GHOST."*

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

I.

To see the name of Mr. de Morgan in print brings up for me extraordinarily, more than anything else in the rest of the world, a brave dead past. There comes up my grandfather, with his blue brette and his white, square-cut locks, and his white, square beard of the king of Hearts. And he will be standing painting before an immense canvas, one half of which is pure white, and the other half glowing with color like split gems. And behind him will sit (though I don't be-

lieve she ever *did* sit in the studio!) my grandmother, with, beside her, a canework sewing-basket, lined with orange silk. But she won't be sewing, she the gentlest of all created human beings. No, she will be reading out a string of names and ticking them off in her address-book. She will read: "The Seddons, the P. P. Marshalls, the William Rossettis, the Ionides, the Gibbons, the Richard Garnetts. . ." And at about this time she will come to the William de Morgans. And at about the same time my grandfather will come to pulling off with violence his blue brette and so dis-adjusting

* "When Ghost Meets Ghost." By William de Morgan.

his pincenez, and knocking over his bottle of spirit medium, and shouting out: "Damn and blast it, Emma, of course you ask the William de Morgans." That is how it comes back to me; but no doubt my memory is doing a little imagining for itself. . .

Those funny, queer, extraordinary old times—when every picture had to tell a story, and every book had to leave the world a little better than it found it, and poets were singing away like mad, and a review in the *Athenæum* shook the world; when Berlioz was still a name of amazement and trepidation; and there was straw in the bottom of fourwheelers—the nice clean straw that smelt so pleasant, and that, as a child, one so much desired to get down on one's knees and play amongst. And then sometimes one's mother dropped a sixpence into that straw, and one really had the opportunity. And one went everywhere in fourwheelers, and it cost sixpence to take the 'bus—with straw in the bottom too!—from Uxbridge Road to Oxford Circus. And there were still muffin-men—ah! but muffin-men as an essential feature of the landscape! And lamplighters who went about with poles, and had, for the matter of that, books written about them. Dear me! There was also *Jessica's First Prayer*, and we used to throw dead cats at the Salvation Army. . . I can't help writing like this; it is Mr. William de Morgan's fault. When you have been reading him for a long, long time you feel as if you had your first volume of Dickens open before you; and as if you had just finished reading your first volume of Charles Reade, and you have a half-eaten buttered crumpet in your right hand, and you are sitting on the nursery fender whilst nurse is giving baby her bath. No, I can't help it.

It seems such an extraordinarily

real life that the name of Mr. de Morgan conjures up before us; and how unreal is all our life of to-day, with its white light and its flickerings, and its sharp crepitation of the telephone-bell, and its slots that coins drop into, and its lifts, and its horseless carriages. . . what the devil would my grandfather have said to the cinematograph? Or, for the matter of that, what the devil would he have said to an attack of neurasthenia? I don't know! I only know that those days when, with an extraordinary sensitiveness, or an extraordinary industry, Mr. de Morgan must have been gathering his impressions together—those days seem as real as the figure of William Cobbett, as the English Bible, as a pigskin saddle, or a baked apple in a brown earthenware bowl. Those are the real things that I know in the world. But the whole of our life of to-day is just that—the flicker of the cinematograph—I trust, in the full hope of a glorious resurrection; because the cinematograph matters so absolutely nothing at all, and we shall have to take two grains of aspirin when we go to bed. They didn't, I mean, have aspirin from the 'fifties to the 'eighties, so they ate a substantial meal at half-past seven, and afterwards read the *Times* from beginning to end, and went up to bed with a flat candlestick, past landing after landing, where the tranquil snores resounded; so that a recording angel flying over London might imagine himself listening to the sound of a huge, distant, and subdued coffee-mill. The recording angel however was beginning to go out of fashion. In such a satisfactory and material world you didn't have to bother much about him; so you had the Rationalism of the 'nineties. Nowadays, perhaps, we need him more, to count, if you will our . . . well, to count our doses of aspirin. Again I can only say

that it is thinking of Mr. de Morgan that makes me write like this. His books, with their odd, rather tender, quite English charm, get hold of you and throw you down and fall on you, so that you might be at the bottom of one of the street rows that he so well describes—in a terrific row at the bottom of a court, with women shrieking fire and murder, and constables in top hats, and a prize-fighter or so, and a cabman with six capes, and a chorus of attendant children. Hang it all, when you have sorted yourself out and taken your left foot out of the other gentleman's mouth, and have felt "gingerly" (that is the proper word) the lump on the cheek under your left eye—you do desperately need to get into a nice, quiet, unreal place, like a tube lift, and have a think about what has happened to you.

II.

Anyhow, there, in the mud, in the inefficient gaslight, rumbling along in fourwheelers, each of which had a separate individuality, those sturdy amateurs, like so many Dr. Johnsons, plodded away at their herculean and self-appointed tasks. My grandfather, having put in two eyes of the figure most near the centre of his cloth—with the general idea of giving the strength of the whole picture—would begin on the top right-hand corner of his immense canvas and, working in vertical lines downwards, would seem to be cutting away the dead white crust from above the brilliant stones. And the others went on adding colored line to colored line without much knowing what form their poems were going to take; so that they might start to write a triolet and find it turn out a ballata de la cour, or a rhyme royal, or, for the matter of that, an epic. . . And then they all most amazingly died. They died in a way you wouldn't believe. It was like a

field in which once you had sown a crop of annual seeds and had afterwards used for erecting a factory on. We grew fin-de-siècle; we were decadent; we became yeomanry; the bugles of our fathers sounded across the acres or whatever it was; Ruskin and Company were dead; Morris and Company were dead; we forgot to send our annual order for Mr. de Morgan's tiles—think of *that*!—Because Mr. de Morgan's tiles were very beautiful things, and quite enough of an achievement for any one life. . . Yes, it was all quite dead. And then, amazingly, there appeared through the cement floor of our garage—through the concrete acres of our factory—there appeared again the crop of clover. It was called *Alice-For-Short*—and I can't think of anything better to say of it than that it resembled a great fragrant bale of clover fodder. Oh! the very best English clover fodder in the world, with the dark-brown passages and the sweetly cloying odor. . . Yes, it was like clover thrown out of a cart into a London cab-yard. For the whole book was quite astonishingly London. . .

After *Alice-For-Short* I read *Joseph Vance* (I know it was written before), and afterwards there came *Somehow Good, It Never Can Happen Again*, and the several others. And now we have *When Ghost Meets Ghost*. *When Ghost Meets Ghost* is amazing, is portentous. How the devil—how the real devil with horns and tail—does Mr. de Morgan manage to do it? There are plot and sub-plot, and digressions and disquisitions—disquisitions about the feelings of builders' bricks, about middle-aged courtships, about everything in the world, or at any rate about everything that could possibly have been contained in London of the 'fifties. And there is an epilogue which is called a Belated Pendrift; and there is a Binder's Note, and there are the

terrific, full-dress chapter-headings of the Victorian novel:

CHAPTER XXV.

How the Earl asked after the old-timers. Mereness. Recuperative Power. How the household has its annual dance. How the Countess had a cracked lip. How was Dr. Tuxford Somers?

Doesn't it bring the tears to your eyes? Doesn't it make you think of your nice dear mother? Doesn't it bring back the three-volume novel with its wide spaces and the croquet-lawns with the wide hoops and the cage and the bell that tinkled; and chignons and draped skirts, and cedar trees on the lawn, and sunlight and crumpets? And plum cake? Yes, above all, plum cake! For *When Ghost Meets Ghost* is an enormous slab of the very best Buszard's cake that used to be sent us in our hampers at school. Or it is a whole hamper; with the cakes and potted-meats, and sardines and jumbles, and toffee and gingerbread, and sugared almonds. Or it is twenty hampers; or it is fifty hampers. It is enough for all the boys at school in the whole of these islands. It will do for Rugby and for Halleybury; for Winchester and for Westminster; for Stonyhurst and Mill Hill and the Charterhouse itself. It is the cake that Alice didn't cut; the cakes that Alfred didn't burn; the poppled cakes that were given to Cerberus; it will, I trust, be the wedding cake of fifty thousand lovers. . . . It is so nice; it is so benevolent; it is so unprofessional. At moments you recapture the real blessed rapture of reading *It Is Never Too Late To Mend*. And think of "Sapp's Court"—doesn't the very name bring back to you your first reading of *Copperfield*, of *Bleak House*, of *The Outlook*.

Our Mutual Friend? . . . I like immensely the way in which the police capture Wix, alias Thornton, alias Deverell, in the "King's Arms"; I like immensely the way in which Torrens tried to conceal his blindness from the Lady Gwen; I like the Honorable Percival's cigars. And hurrah, with a touch of tears in the voice, for the death of old Mo', the prize-fighter. It was his last fight; he was three-score years and ten; he was fighting a desperate, wicked convict, armed with a knife!

For never was a movement swifter than old Mo's duck to the left, which allowed his opponent's "lead off" to pass harmless over his right shoulder. Never was a cross-counter more deadly, more telling, than the blow with his right, which had never moved till that moment, landing full on the convict's jaw, and stretching him, insensible or dead, upon the ground. The sound of it reached the men who came running in through the arch, and made more than one regret he had not been there a moment sooner to see it. . . .

When Susan Burr, a little later, tapped at his door, doubting if all was well with him, no answer came. Looking in and seeing him motionless, she advanced to the bed and touched his hand. It never moved, and she listened for a breath, but in vain. Heart failure, after intense excitement, had ended this life for Uncle Mo'.

The End.

Isn't that the very end of very ends? I love to think of the fifty thousand brides with two hundred thousand bridesmaids all weeping tenderly for the death of old Mo'; whilst fifty thousand manly grooms and the requisite number of best men kiss away the tears. But of course, when one writes that, one is trying to write Mr. de Morgan. How one wishes one could!

MUSIC AND CANT.

Music is supposed to be a universal passion. The "savage breast," we are told, is not impregnable to its assaults; the man of culture is mostly impelled to offer it some kind of lip-service. The most facile and insensible of poets, Dryden, ascribes to it most of the miracles in earth and heaven. Nearly everyone likes to be thought to possess at least a minimum of that faculty which has been held to constitute, with the higher mathematics, the most eloquent "intimation of immortality" that we have. The man who says that he does not understand or care for music—of some kind—is either a superman or a super-decadent. He exists; the A.D.C. in "General John Regan" was drawn from life, though it would tax our ingenuity to know in to which of our just-invented categories to put him; Jowett undoubtedly said to a famous musician, "I don't like music, but I'm glad I've heard you play." A Socialist musician of our acquaintance once went so far as to declare that, in the perfect state, music would be no longer wanted:

No further show or need for that old coat.

But the prophet was evidently searing his own soul with this paradox. He was a musician after all.

Where the obligation exists, or is supposed to exist, to think or talk about certain subjects, there the weed called cant is sure to thrive. This weed has many varieties. Religion, patriotism, love, are each the soil not of one, but of many cants; to every universal passion a score of imitative insincerities; and how should music, sharing this universality, escape the common curse?

One of the worst varieties of cant, because the most incurable, is the cant of having no cant. The French anticlerical, at his worst, affords a good

example of this kind of insincerity. We all have our cant, but we all have the antidote in our sack; it is called humility; this man has thrown it away. The musical representatives of this type are the people who, loving to perform or to hear good music, are afraid of being thought too cultured. To preserve the fair garment of their reputation from any fancied stain of intellectuality they will impose on themselves every kind of torture. They deny themselves access to the more serious concert-halls, where they know they would find delight; or, if they enter, it is in Arimathean fashion or fortified by some sound social pretext. To their domestic circle they preach the methods of Grand-Guignol; rag-times jostle requiems, and the greatest music is only excused and shyly admitted either for its familiarity or for certain qualities which it appears to share with the smallest. Their tastes and their scruples render possible "Parsifal" in a music-hall and Beethoven's Symphonies in a Copenhagen restaurant.

Next to these in the hierarchy of insincerity we should place their mortal enemies, the intense and never-bending intellectuals. Their attitude is often intelligible and respectable; their fault lies in the persistent denial of their own probable human weakness—the temptation to "desipere in loco." We say "probable," because we believe this temptation to be, with the exceptions that the idea of universality always carries, an inseparable accident of human nature. The cant of intellectuality—the pursuit of intellectual things purely with a view to the self-righteous glow and the feeling of superiority that such things may give—is one of the deadliest vices. But between intellectuality and intellectuality, the two poles of the intelligence,

though the distance is great, the distinction is more than hard; we are in danger of confounding sinner and saint.

The attitude of literary men towards music has varied with the centuries and with the countries of the world, but the retort wrung from Gluck by the provocations of the Encyclopædists contains the elements of a general truth: "il y a apparence que ces messieurs sont plus heureux lorsqu'ils écrivent sur d'autres matières." The true *homme de lettres* takes all knowledge for his province; and quite rightly!—he is our interpreter—how otherwise are we to know anything? But he is irritated and baffled by the discovery that there is one thing that seems to hide itself from the wise and prudent and to reveal itself to babes. He resents the exclusiveness of music. Autocrat or oligarch perhaps in everything else; he is a leveller in this. He will banish all the music that he does not understand, and recognize only that which appeals to a large number of untrained or insensible ears, including his own. We cannot understand this tyranny; it is that which Gluck's opponents wanted to exercise, and we have heard it advocated in our own circle of friends. The literary man finds that music escapes him; let him remember the higher mathematics; here is another exclusiveness, and one that he cannot hope to break down.

Allusions to music are to be found in every poet. It is extraordinary how vague these allusions mostly are. The best are contained in very short, non-committal phrases:

The setting sun and music at the close.

The glory of the sun of things
Will flash along the chords and go.
Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.

It is the brevity of veneration; it is the "Altar to the Unknown God."

The Academy.

Dryden's is the vulgar expansiveness of familiarity. We can think of only two English poets who have shown that they understood music—Milton and Robert Browning. One of the greatest world-poets, Goethe, has expressed, though not in poetry, a curious miscomprehension of the federal laws that govern the republic of the Arts. His tolerance of Schubert's "Erlkönig" and his contempt for other musical versions of his poems are alike instructive.

Of those who have written in prose about music, Shorthouse and Pater have shown knowledge and perception. The professional critics may be divided into those who know the limits of their province and those who do not. The latter have a habit of assuming that what they choose to read into a piece of music must be patent to the world; the choicest blossoms of the weed called cant are of their watering. The distinguished critic of a London daily paper, with a Nonconformist nuance, once expressed his disgust at seeing "clergymen of the Established Church" keep their places, without blush or protest, through the lascivious strains of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune."

Musicians writing on their own art are generally intolerable. If we started our acquaintance with Wagner by reading Wagner's prose and Wagner's theories, we should probably never face the "Ring" and "Tristan." The Futurists are now giving us a burlesque version of Wagner's procedure.

For the more ordinary kind of cant there are three tests: Can the claimant to musical taste whistle, hum or strum a recognizable version of a song or piece he is supposed to admire?—can he recognize at the third bar a piece he has more than once heard performed?—and—does he spend more time listening to music than he does talking about it?

R. F. Smalley.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

No easier task was ever given to mortal man or woman than to decide off-hand upon the proper mate for any member of the human race, unless it be instructing a matron how to keep house, or a mother by what means a baby may be forced to keep in an angelic temper and not be sent to the care of the angels. For this reason, Miss Eleanor H. Porter is justified in causing the heroine of her "Miss Billy—Married" to be pursued from the private wedding ceremony with which the first chapter opens to its last word, by advice written, spoken and looked, and in making Billy respond with mathematical exactitude to every word and glance. Once it was supposed that only a Frenchman could effect this feat, but now it is performed by many American authors, but there are few so genial or so penetrated with cheerfulness as Miss Porter. "I reckon I've some cogs of my own that need adjusting," says Miss Billy's husband as comment on her declaration "I believe that being married is something like clocks, 'specially at the first." To imagine a man capable of making such a speech and to lead him up to it in a perfectly logical way is a task accomplished by but few story-tellers. Anybody can create perfectly logical heroes and heroines and give them one virtue and a thousand crimes or a thousand virtues and one crime according to the demand of the fiction-market, but artistically and humorously to blend their crimes and their virtues is exceptional. Miss Porter has won her very uncommon success by never forgetting her formula. If she could be persuaded to use it twice as often her friends, *viz.*, all her readers and all their friends will as Pollyanna says

"be glad." To say that it will do them good is to join in the witch dance of the advisers. "Miss Billy—Married" is published by Page & Co.

The reader of Mr. Hermann Hagedorn's "Poems and Ballads" discovers before he has read a twelfth of its 144 pages, that the arrangement of its forty-five poems in this "new edition with new matter" is masterly. Each poem is contrasted with those immediately preceding and following it, yet adds to their value. Mr. Hagedorn, if one might trust the apparent self-betrayal of carefully casual phrases would seem dissatisfied with existing religions and states of society, and afraid of nature, of woman, of man, and of man's institutions. He breaks his readers' hearts with clear visions of sharp misery, and of the impotence of the seer and the poet to transmit their message and then, in a fury, he falls upon Congress and the capitalist and sternly proclaims, "Only by clear-described, Intrepid equity can we endure." Next in "The Vigil of Padre Junikero," he shows that the mystery of faith and its fulfilment has an enchanting spell for him, and succeeding this, a drearily powerful ballad of shipwreck and of death, its sting unmitigated by being gallantly met. Last of all, in "L'Envoi," the poet sings of the awakened nations and races, of the aroused continents and islands of the deep and praises poetry rejoicing that he must sing or die. Here to him who chooses to see it is a soul history, but probably two sonnets are the only pieces written under the stress of living emotion. The others are a little academic although never cynical, and even their discontent is noble. The Macmillan Co.

